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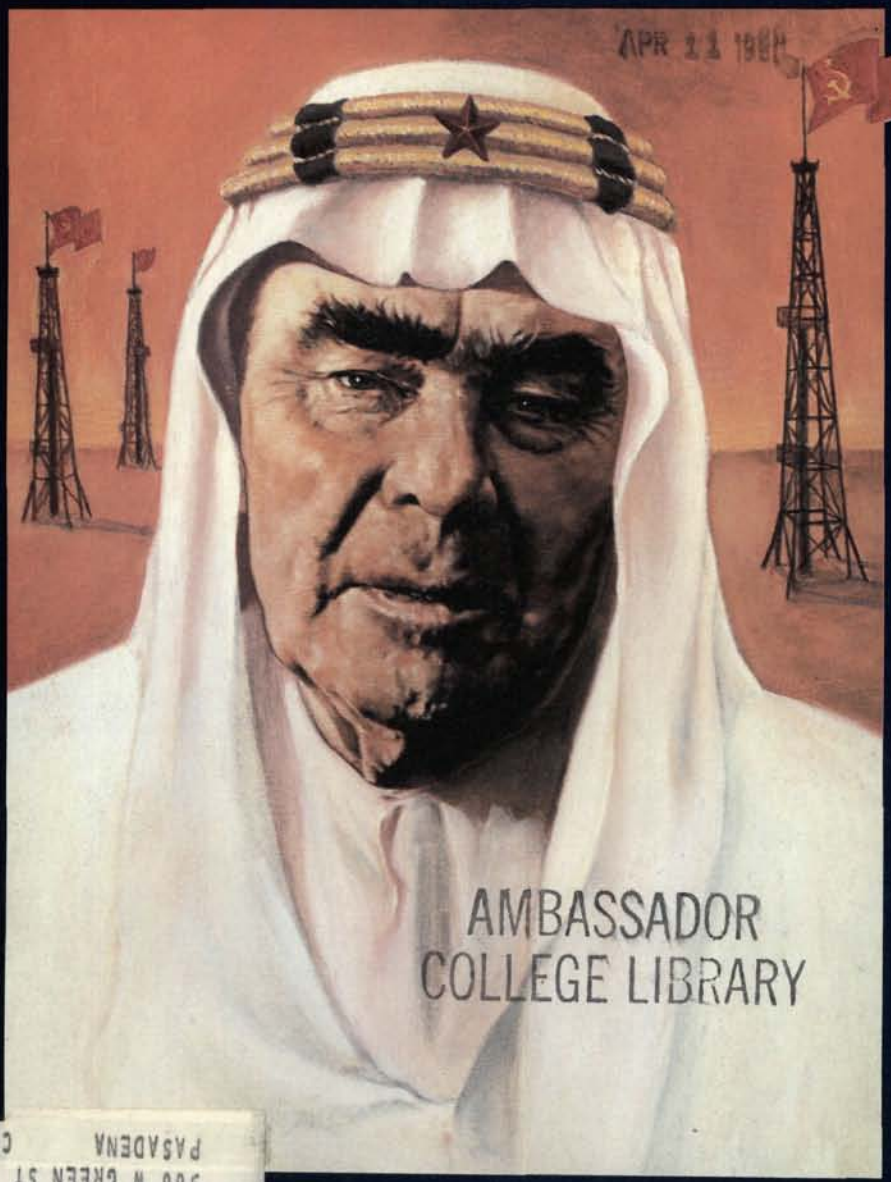
Saturday Review

REACHING FOR OIL

The Soviets' Bold Mideast Strategy



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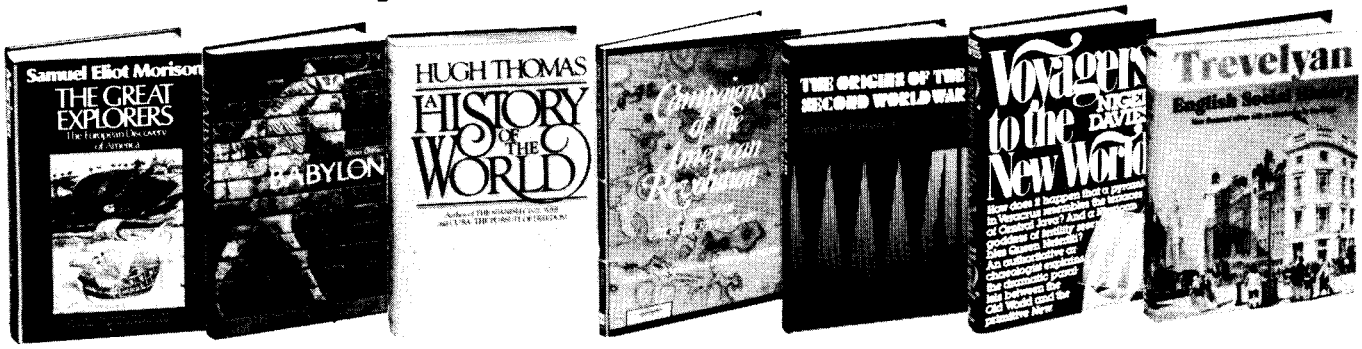

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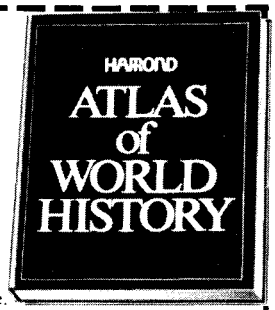

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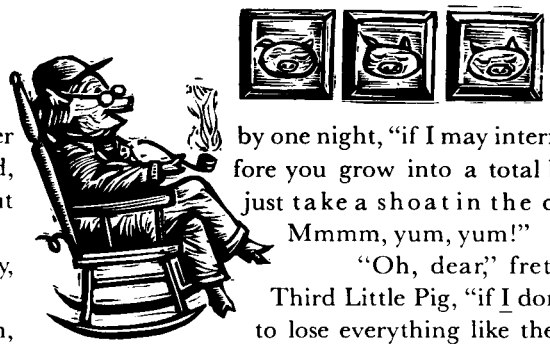
A Fable For Now:

Three little pigs, revisited



Once upon a time, a Wise Old Hog called together the three little pigs under his care. "Piglets," he said, "it's time for you to leave your old uncle and go out to build your own homes."

"Yea, hooray, yahoo," they cried, full of energy, independence on their minds.

"First, however," said their Old Uncle Ham, "I've a few pearls of wisdom to cast before you. You must build your houses nice and snug, because the winters are long and cold. And you've got to build 'em wisely, not just for comfort, but to keep the Wolf away from the door. Times have changed, you know, since I built up this place. It costs lots more to heat now, and we've used up a lot of the easy-to-find fuel around our home. But if anyone can find a better way, piglets, I'm sure it's you, you, you!"

"We, we, we!" they cried, running off sow-and-hog wild, eager to root for themselves.

The First Little Pig went to market with a heap of piggybank pennies. Her mission: to buy exotic alternative energy sources. Indeed, looking to the future, she set her heart on fusion power so her house could have the perfect furnace. But it was slow going, so she also worked busily on microwave satellites, and magnetohydrodynamics, and high-technology synthesis of hydrocarbon fuels, and other things that take a long time to say...and even longer to perfect.

While she was still preparing the foundations of her alternative structure, the Wolf, in chic clothing, happened to hear her scientific mutterings. "Pig Latin!" he exclaimed, and devoured her with a great big "Yum!"

The Second Little Pig, realizing he'd better not wait for future inventions and improvements to guarantee his own future, thought: "Well, I'll make do with whatever technology is available now...and try to build a solar house. Soft, after all, is beautiful." But it took him a long time, too. He had to find a site that got plenty of sunshine for his water heater and enough wind for his windmill. And it had to be on the coast so he could use tidal power. He finally found just the spot, but still he had to save up for those costly devices, and for an expensive but perfectly efficient imported stove so he could tap the sun's energy stored up in wood. He took to lecturing to raise money, and the "awareness" of passersby.

"Hogwash," said the Wolf, himself passing by one night, "if I may interrupt before you grow into a total boar, I'll just take a shoat in the dark... Mmmm, yum, yum!"

"Oh, dear," fretted the Third Little Pig, "if I don't want to lose everything like the others, I'd better conserve what I've already got. Everything is scarce!" She somberly knit her brow, some warm galoshes, and a fashionable pig-in-a-blanket outfit. Deciding to recycle the ways of the past, she beat her bicycle into a plowshare and set out to construct a solid and very durable stone house (like the pyramids built by the farrows of ancient Egypt). She designed tiny windows, and tiny cell-like rooms...easy to keep warm, though rather like jail. But it also took such a long time that before she could build her four-foot-thick walls more than one-foot high, the Wolf came by.

"Mmmmm, pig in a pokey!" he said. "I'll buy that." And though it seemed embarrassingly easy, he stepped over the low wall and managed to swallow his gilt with a hearty "Yum, yum, yum!"

The Wise Old Hog was sad he couldn't have the three little piggies back. The pig irony of the situation wasn't lost on him, yet he bristled with porky pique. "This is some challenge," he said, "but no outlandish Wolf is going to out-stymie!"

So that swine flew into action. He set aside part of his homestead to continue research on better ways for the future. He modified the homestead to take advantage of solar energy where practical. He made the place more efficient, and cut back on consumption as much as possible. And, because Uncle Ham had become wiser with experience, he busily developed all the energy available on his property so his fuel sources were securely his own.

All that kept him snug and safe, and he could once again enjoy a swill old time, and eat roast beef, and have a jowly good laugh at that Wolf ranging hungrily abroad. As for the Wolf—well, he was simply consumed with frustration.

Moral: To keep the wolf from your door, you can't be pigheaded about your options. Which is why America must learn to develop all of its energy sources—oil, gas, coal, and nuclear power for today, and whatever will work for tomorrow. And that's no fable.

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Saturday Review

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LETTERS

Age War: Fact or Fiction

Thank you for your excellent article, "Old vs. Young in Florida: Preview of an Aging America" [February 16]. As the elderly continue to populate the retirement havens of southern Florida, they are forcing out the very people who can furnish them with the services they need. Maids, cooks, day-care workers, and nurses can no longer afford to live in these areas. The increased costs of commuting have closed off a supply of workers from Miami and other inland areas. What was intended as a comfortable retirement becomes a life of hard effort and limited amenities.

Gerard H. Rothschild
Boone, North Carolina

Rasa Gustaitis has made a limp attempt to find some kind of new and insidious war between the old and the young. Her article is a gross oversimplification of a half-dozen social problems that plague not only Florida, but most of the major cities of the United States. Inadequate housing, a failing educational system, juvenile delinquency, juvenile justice, drugs, and alcoholism have nothing to do with the old versus young problem.

Sadie Wernick Hurwitz
Los Angeles, California

The Pros and Cons of HMOs

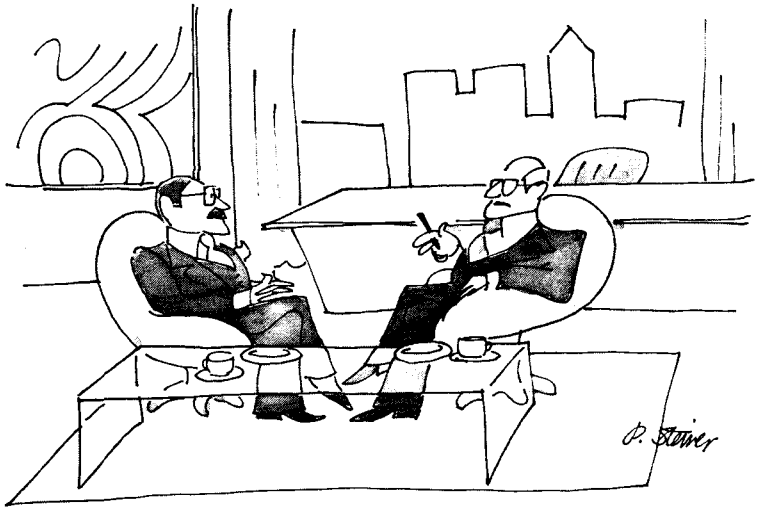
George Silver's "The Health-Care Merry-Go-Round" [February 16] is right on the mark in rejecting the unimaginative and bureaucratic monstrosities proposed in the Kennedy and Carter plans. The last thing we need is nationalized third-party medical insurance.

However, Professor Silver fails to point out that the alternative he proposes is nearly identical to Health Maintenance Organizations (HMOs), which are already in existence. HMOs share most of the features Silver finds desirable: Salaried physicians work in tandem with other health-care professionals in local organizations to provide acute and preventive care on a prepaid basis. The major difference between the HMOs and the Silver model is that the HMOs are privately owned while his would be administered and funded by the government, and supervised by citizens after the fashion of schools and utilities.

What is the rationale for such massive government involvement? Even with local control, publicly owned HMOs would be subject to the kinds of pressures faced by the public-school system. In contrast, private HMOs are already flourishing in many communities. The best approach to national health care would be federal encouragement of expansion of the private HMOs through public education and financial assistance.

Rev. Jay Atkinson
Sioux City, Iowa

George Silver replies: The Reverend Mr. Atkinson's recommendation for more emphasis on prepaid group practices (HMOs) is praiseworthy. HMOs can be economical and can promote quality in the delivery of medical-care services. Nevertheless, prepaid group practices with the broadest scope of services still cover less than 40 percent of the average cost of medical care. They do not cover medication, nursing-home care, the full cost of mental health services, and other health needs. Premiums are high, and unless some payment system is nationally legislated, most people will not be able to afford to join. The poor, the elderly, and those in low-paying jobs (which includes many minorities) are now largely excluded from HMOs. Some of the early federally established HMOs are already defunct or dying because of financial difficulties.



"Let's talk salary. How does 'astronomical' sound to you?"

Telephone Troubles

Your Front Runner, "Sorry, Right Number" [February 16], shows a genuine and growing concern for American households. Unfortunately it stops short of making the important distinction between automatic dialing/computer-generated phone messages and single-dial human callers. Many businesses, both small and large, rely on their ability to make "unsolicited" telephone calls to provide a needed service.

David E. Strachan
Washington, D.C.

Disturbance on the Right

Congratulations on Marci McDonald's "Le Nouveau Nazism: A Rightist Fashion From France" [February 2]. It is a clear and pointed account of the truly disturbing developments among the "intellectuals" on the French Right.

Jerry Hirsch
University of Illinois
Champaign, Illinois

Sanguine Pancakes

Sam Levenson may be right in "Roast Proust" [March 1] when he says that onion-induced tears are the secret ingredient in gefilte fish. Another tradition claims that what distinguishes Jewish pancakes from all others is the tiny drop of blood which comes from placing one's fingers too close to the grater. Jewish mothers invariably took this risk, lest the last bit of raw potato be wasted.

Frances A. Koestler
New York, New York

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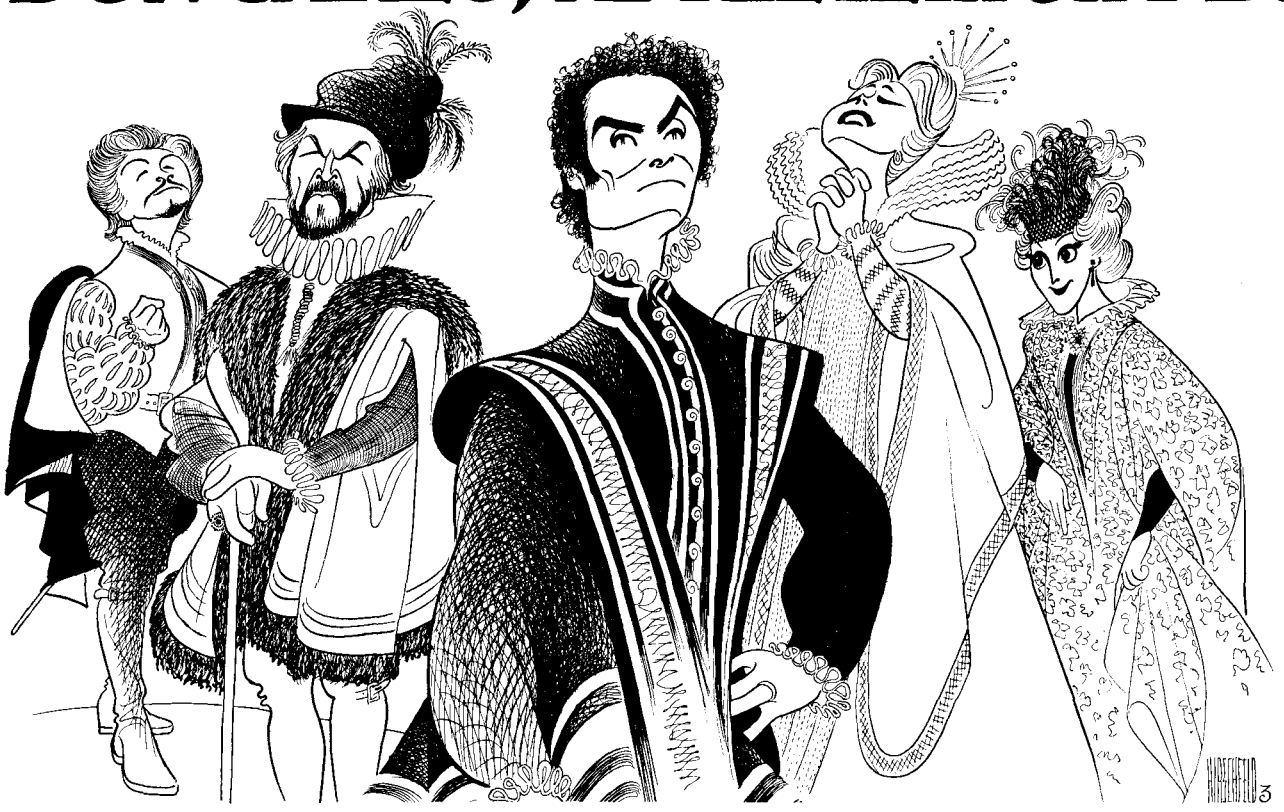

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On Saturday evening, April 12th, you can enjoy the dynamic Met performance of Giuseppe Verdi's "Don Carlo" right in your own home.

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The "superlative" cast includes Renata Scotto singing the role of Elisabeth; Tatiana Troyanos as Eboli; Vasile Moldoveanu as Don Carlo; Sherrill Milnes as Rodrigo; Paul Plishka as King Phillip, and Jerome Hines as the Grand Inquisitor. The Met's Music Director, James Levine, conducts. John Dexter is the Director. Sets by David Reppa, costumes by Ray Diffen, and lighting by Gil Wechsler. Francis Robinson is your host.

"Don Carlo" concludes the fourth consecutive season that Texaco has been helping to bring you this "Live From The Met" series. We look forward to televising another season of live opera beginning next Fall.

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Saturday Review Readers Poll No. 4

It's tax time again! With the twin spiraling of taxes and inflation, more and more people are finding themselves with less and less real income. Many feel helpless faced with this economic dilemma. Others are angry, convinced that federal, state, and municipal budgets *can* be cut and taxes reduced. Still others use the yearly occasion to raise long-debated questions about the American tax system. In this, the fourth in a continuing series of *Saturday Review* Readers Polls, we'd like to ask where you stand. The results should shed some light on the old and new controversies surrounding taxes.

1. When you receive your paycheck and see the amount taken out for taxes how do you feel? (Check only one)

- Mildly upset but resigned that taxes are necessary for the operation of our government ☐ 1
- Outraged that taxes are so high ☐ 2
- Pleased that taxes are being used to good purpose ☐ 3
- None of the above (please specify) _____ ☐ 4 6

2 a. Have you ever cheated on your income taxes? Yes ☐ 1 No ☐ 2 7

2 b. If yes, to what degree?

	To a small degree 1	To a large degree 2	
I have exaggerated certain deductions	☐	☐	8
I have purposely failed to report certain income	☐	☐	9

3 a. How do you feel about the following statements concerning tax loopholes?

	Definitely agree 1	Tend to agree 2	Tend to disagree 3	Definitely disagree 4	Not sure 5	
I do not take full advantage of tax loopholes because I do not understand them all	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	10
I do not take advantage of tax loopholes nearly as much as people in higher income brackets	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	11
Tax loopholes should be decreased, if not eliminated altogether	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	12

3 b. How do you feel about the equitableness of our present tax structure?

	Definitely agree 1	Tend to agree 2	Tend to disagree 3	Definitely disagree 4	Not sure 5	
Rich people do not pay their fair share of taxes	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	13
The tax system overburdens the middle class	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	14
The tax system overburdens the lower class	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	15
The tax system should be made to redistribute income more equitably	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	16
No one should earn more than $200,000 per year	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	17
No one should earn less than $10,000 per year	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	18

4 a. How do you feel toward people who cheat on their taxes? (Check only one)

- There's nothing wrong with it; everyone does it ☐ 1 19
- Tax cheaters should be subject to nominal fines only ☐ 2
- Tax cheaters should be dealt with severely ☐ 3

b. What is your feeling toward corporations that cheat on their taxes? (Check only one)

- There's nothing wrong with it; they all do it ☐ 1 20
- Corporate cheaters should be subject to nominal fines only ☐ 2
- Corporate cheaters should be dealt with severely ☐ 3

	Yes 1	No 2	Not sure 3	
5 a. Do you favor a personal income tax cut in 1980?	☐	☐	☐	21
b. Do you favor a corporate tax cut in 1980?	☐	☐	☐	22
c. Do you favor the establishment of a windfall profits tax for oil companies?	☐	☐	☐	23

6. Which of the following items do you feel should be cut in order to reduce state or municipal budgets? To reduce the federal budget?

	Should be cut in state or municipal budget			Should be cut in federal budget		
	Yes 1	No 2		Yes 1	No 2	
Cultural activities	☐	☐	24	☐	☐	33
Defense expenditures	☐	☐	25	☐	☐	34
Education	☐	☐	26	☐	☐	35
Highway construction	☐	☐	27	☐	☐	36
Highway maintenance	☐	☐	28	☐	☐	37
Mass transit	☐	☐	29	☐	☐	38
Parks and recreation	☐	☐	30	☐	☐	39
The number of government workers	☐	☐	31	☐	☐	40
Welfare programs	☐	☐	32	☐	☐	41

7. Who fills out your tax forms? (Check only one)

- I fill out my own ☐ 1 42
- My spouse ☐ 2
- A friend ☐ 3
- A member of my family other than my spouse ☐ 4
- A professional service or accountant ☐ 5

8. Demographics:

(a) Sex: Male ☐ 1 43
Female ☐ 2

(b) Currently: Employed ☐ 1 44
Unemployed ☐ 2
Retired ☐ 3

(c) Age: 19 or under ☐ 1 45
20–29 ☐ 2
30–39 ☐ 3
40–49 ☐ 4
50–59 ☐ 5
60–69 ☐ 6
70 or over ☐ 7

(d) Of what economic class do you consider yourself a member?
The lower class ☐ 1 46
The middle class ☐ 2
The upper class ☐ 3
Other (please specify) _____ ☐ 4

(e) 1979 income (combined with spouse if applicable):
$0–$5,000 ☐ 1
$5,000–$10,000 ☐ 2
$10,000–$15,000 ☐ 3
$15,000–$20,000 ☐ 4
$20,000–$30,000 ☐ 5
$30,000–$40,000 ☐ 6
$40,000–$50,000 ☐ 7
$50,000–$75,000 ☐ 8
Over $75,000 ☐ 9

This is the fourth of a series of polls *Saturday Review* is conducting to find out how you, our readers, feel about the important issues and events of the day. We encourage you to participate by filling out this questionnaire and mailing it to: ***Saturday Review* Readers Poll No. 4, Research and Forecasts, Inc., 110 East 59 Street, New York, New York 10022.** It must be received by April 26 so we can tabulate your answers, analyze them, and give you the results in our July 5 issue.

Prepared in cooperation with Research and Forecasts, Inc.

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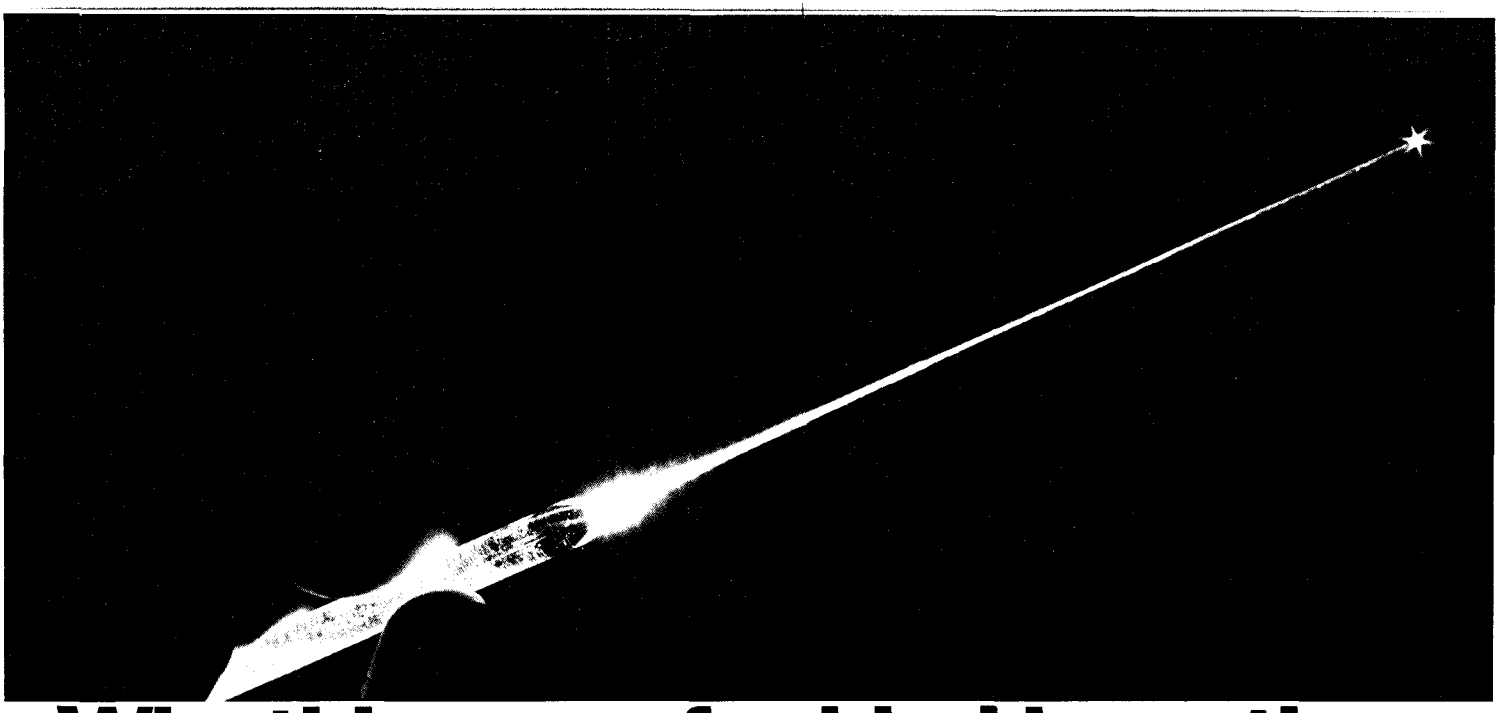

Why this one-of-a-kind invention didn't end up as the only one of its kind.

Every new invention needs another new invention—the one that can mass-produce it at an affordable cost.

For example, Bell Labs invented a process for making the glass rods from which hair-thin fibers used in lightwave communications can be drawn. The fibers have far greater capacity than conventional copper wires, so they'll help keep costs down. In fact, they've been carrying voice, data, and video signals under city streets for about two years in a Bell System demonstration.

But standard lightwave systems will require *miles* of the fiber, produced at low cost and to specifications nothing short of microscopic.

That's where Western Electric's Engineering Research Center comes in.

A Unique Center

The Center is devoted exclusively to manufacturing research.

Here, a highly trained team of scientists and engineers probe fundamental questions about materials and processes. They provide Western Electric factories with pre-tested, proven ways to manufacture products based on the latest technology coming out of the laboratory.

For example, while Bell Labs scientists were inventing new glass fibers, Western Electric engineers and scientists were tackling the manufacturing problems involved.

The fibers had to be drawn from molten glass at high speeds, with less than a 1% deviation in diameter.

But how do you control a "thread" of glass being spun at rates up to 15 feet per second?

Scientists and engineers at the Center discovered that laser light beamed onto the fiber cast a characteristic pattern. By correlating the pattern to the fiber's diameter, they were able to build a monitoring system into the fiber drawing machinery. It measures the fiber 1000 times per second, automatically adjusting production to keep the diameter constant.

The system works so well that in all the miles of fiber produced by Western Electric, the diameter varies by no more than 30-millionths of an inch.

The Key to the Future

In the Bell System, technology is the key to keeping costs down. It is the key to constantly improving your phone service.

And Western Electric's Engineering Research Center is an essential link between the ideas of the laboratory and the realities of the factory.

So your Bell Telephone Company can make the best one-of-a-kind inventions a part of your phone service.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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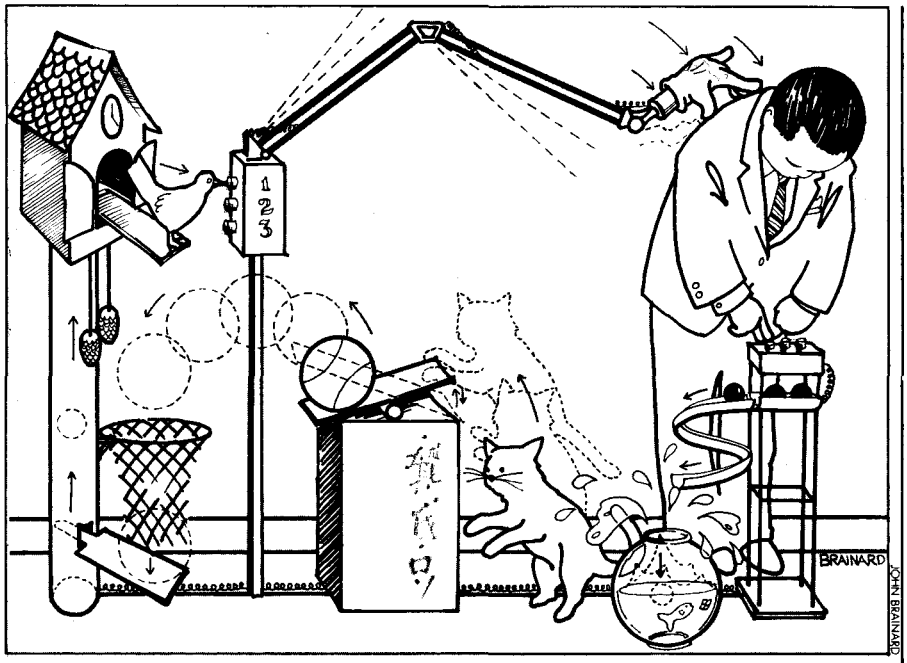

Get Down

The art of bowing was dying among young Japanese, but then along came Takahashi Torimoto of Osaka to brighten the prospects for courtesy. Torimoto's contribution? A bow-training machine for salespeople in a large chain of department stores.

Students of the bow stand upright inside the electricity-powered contraption and press against a breastplate, which bends their bodies into three different required "social positions." The 15-degree angle is used when bowing to colleagues. The 30-degree bow is for welcoming customers to the store. And the 45-degree bend is reserved for bidding customers farewell.

The machine has worked so well that Torimoto recently put it on sale to the public. Now what's all this about technology destroying age-old Japanese customs?

Pass the Egg Whites

If you're trying to lose weight, move to Natchitoches, Louisiana, where 16,000 residents—the entire population—will keep you company. The town has been chosen to participate in a study on diet and longevity by nutritionist Dr. Nathan Pritikin, who somehow managed to convince the folks that the project is good for them. During the next 12 months the inhabitants will be asked to give up fat, red meat, and eggs, and switch to high-fiber, low-cholesterol fare. Dr. Pritikin hopes his nutritional plan will cut the local death rate by 10 percent.

The mass diet could be on shaky ground, however, for Natchitoches is not the kind of town that takes easily to the sort of food dished out by Pritikin. People there have a penchant for *sauce piquante*, spicy gumbo, fried chicken, and other forbidden yummies. Hence the terse comments and turned-up noses at the first day's feast, which included a slightly scorched broccoli bisque; a soupy unsalted dish that one eater said "tasted like boiled cigarettes"; chicken breasts *aux champignons* with a side dish of baked potatoes stuffed with nonfat milk and egg whites; and *la pièce de résistance*—chiffon cheesecake, made with nonfat cheese, egg whites, unflavored gelatin, and apple juice. Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards, who was on hand, commented: "I think I'd just as soon die 10 years early as eat that stuff."

Diesel on Tap

Money may not grow on trees, but diesel fuel does, which these days amounts to the same thing. Nobel Prize-winning chemist Melvin Calvin has verified firsthand that just as the sugar maple of New England produces syrup, the *copaiba* tree of Brazil can be tapped to yield 10 to 20 liters of diesel fuel in a two-hour period. Calvin, as he reported in *Science News*, took the sap from the tree and put it into the gas tank of his car, "without any alteration or refining." "It ran fine," he recounts. "What's more, you don't even need an oil company."

Although the sap of *Copaifera langesdorfii* has long been used as a perfume base and as an ointment for cuts, research into its energy potential has barely begun. Several thousand seedlings have been planted as an experiment in Brazil, and Calvin is due to receive some seeds for his own research.

Heartbreaking Music

Don't rock around the clock tonight. That's the warning from Dr. John Diamond, who has written a book called *Your Body Doesn't Lie.* In it, he propounds a startling theory: that a certain beat in many rock songs "weakens life energies." He calls the offending rhythm the "stopped anapestic beat," and claims that it disconcerts the entire body because it is exactly opposite to the human heartbeat.

So, which rock groups can be hazardous to your health? According to Diamond, the Doors, Janis Joplin, the Band, America, and Led Zeppelin are anapest abusers. But the worst offenders, he feels, are the Rolling Stones. "Rock music," Diamond concludes, "is not going to kill anybody, but I really doubt if Mick Jagger will live as long as Pablo Casals or Segovia."

Submissions

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Theodore H. White

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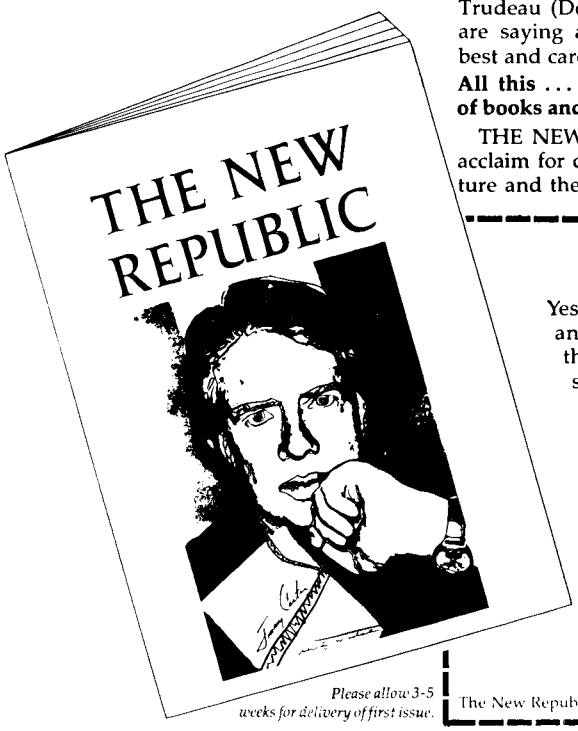

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EDITORIAL

The Statesmen and the Athletes

PRIOR TO the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin, many Americans were strenuously opposed to U.S. participation. They declared that the outrages of Nazi Germany—particularly its aggressive behavior toward smaller countries and its policy of systematic extermination of the Jewish people—made it unthinkable that American athletes should compete in the German capital. They appealed to President Franklin Roosevelt to intervene with the U.S. Olympic Committee and request cancellation of American participation.

The President refused to do so. No major statesman in the world was a greater foe of nazism than FDR. But he recognized that the country or city where the Olympics were held was incidental to the historic nature and purpose of the games. It was precisely because the Olympics were designed to transcend world crises that FDR did not invoke his authority as President to block American participation.

The Olympic games in 1936 would put Germany in the world spotlight. Of that, there was no doubt. Nor was there any question about the fact that a considerable amount of money would flow into Berlin. But if the Berlin Olympics would give Adolf Hitler a chance to put his country on display, it also would give the world a chance to display itself inside Germany. And FDR was apparently not unmindful of the opportunity afforded by the Olympics to fly the American flag in Berlin and put a dent in the myth of Nazi Nordic superiority.

As events turned out, the decision to take part in the Berlin Olympics was resoundingly vindicated. The American athletes, far from being treated indifferently by the spectators, were vigorously cheered. An athlete by the name of Jesse Owens made world headlines by breaking more track records than any single previous Olympic contestant. Adolf Hitler was put in the uncomfortable position of having to stand at attention while an American black athlete received the highest honors awarded in the Berlin stadium.

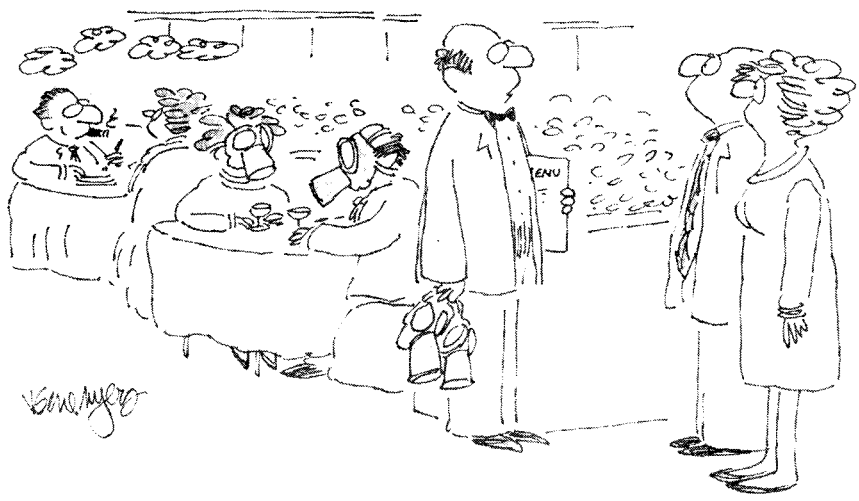
Today, 44 years later, the question of American participation in Olympic competition has arisen again. This time it is the presence of Soviet troops and tanks in Afghanistan that throws a shadow over the games. The indignation of the American people toward the outrage is natural and understandable. But U.S. withdrawal from the Olympics can hardly be considered an appropriate response. President Carter's decision to boycott the games in the USSR not only breaks with the important tradition of keeping the U.S. Olympic Committee free of official influence but runs counter to American policy set in 1936 under circumstances that were even more provocative than Afghanistan. The boycott also challenges the historic significance of the games and sets a stage for the possible eventual breakdown of the Olympics altogether.

It is important to ask, moreover, who will be hurt by our withdrawal. Not just the Soviet government and the Olympics themselves. We will be punishing hundreds of American athletes who have trained for years in preparation for the world competition. We are expecting them to cancel their efforts and their hopes. What other group of Americans is being asked to make a comparable sacrifice? Why put the burden on a particular segment of our society? The government wants our athletes to understand that by protesting the Afghanistan action with an Olympic boycott, we are underscoring the principle that no nation has the right to intervene in the affairs of another nation. But this principle was hardly bolstered when the U.S. Congress recently authorized the CIA to engage in subversive activities against other countries. Moreover, our credentials as champions of international morality are somewhat less than perfect in the light of Vietnam.

If we want our athletes to become useful instruments for advancing U.S. policy, let them do so by displaying their talents in the open. Few events in recent years gave Americans a greater surge of pride than the triumph of our underdog hockey team against the highly favored Soviet superstars. What we experienced was not just the thrill of watching our youngsters overcome great odds; we experienced a feeling of genuine catharsis in the present tense world situation. If that hockey match had taken place in Moscow, the effect would have been even more electrifying.

It may be asked what the United States should do to make known our sense of outrage over Afghanistan. Are we obligated to acquiesce in international banditry? The answer is that the only way to deal with aggression or subversion in the modern world is through the organization created for that purpose. And if this suggestion produces the reply that the United Nations is singularly incapable of discharging such responsibility, the response has to be that the least the United States can do is to cease its unyielding opposition to measures designed to give it the effective means for enforcing world peace under a code of law. We cannot on one hand expect the United Nations to mandate a Soviet withdrawal and on the other hand resist efforts to give it workable and responsible powers.

One thing is certain: International activities such as the Olympics cannot prosper in the absence of workable world institutions. Nor can the vaunted but finite strength of the United States serve as a substitute for a system of genuine collective security.—**N.C.**



"Smoking or nonsmoking?"

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You don't know me, I realize . . .

But, I want you to have this before it's too late.

Hello . . . My name is Bud Weckesser. I'm 46 years old and I own a small company in Dunkirk, New York. Our phone number is 716-366-8300.

A number of years ago I lived in an apartment in Kent, Ohio. I had no savings and a beat-up old station wagon that still wasn't paid for.

One night my wife and I were playing cards with some friends. Mary mentioned casually that—on our budget—she was sure she knew 101 ways to fix hamburger. That hurt. So I challenged her. "If you'll type up the recipes," I said, "I'll take out a small ad in the National Enquirer and we'll see if anyone will pay $3.98 for your collection of recipes."

I rented a P.O. Box in Kent and placed a small ad. It was surprisingly cheap.

Several weeks later I stopped by the post office. I walked over to my box. When I looked through the little glass window on the door, I almost dropped my key. The box was stuffed—jammed —full of letters. All of them contained checks for $3.98—and they'd come from all parts of the U.S. and Canada.

The next few days were hectic, to say the least. My wife typed the recipes. I had them duplicated, stapled them together and our crude little book was born. But, every day, orders continued to pour in. And every day we'd bank the money and send out our stapled recipe booklet.

I decided to try another ad. This time I placed a classified ad for some of my beer and wine making recipes in Popular Mechanics. Again, the orders poured in. Over $1,000.00 in just several weeks. And, as our business grew, I corresponded with other people . . .

• A husband-wife team from Santa Barbara put together a booklet about how to "win at card games." It pulled $14,870.00 in just 5 months . . . all cash orders . . . all from a small ad . . . all by mail.

• An Oregon man informed me he had made over $14,000.00 selling his small booklet about getting rid of moles and gophers in your yard. Again . . . all by mail.

• A Maryland man wrote an 8½" × 11" booklet of business advice. So far it's brought him over $140,000.00 . . . all by mail.

Don't misunderstand. This isn't a get-rich-quick scheme. It's a business, and, as such, it's speculative. But test ads are cheap (as low as $13.50 for a national ad) and the profit potential is staggering! An Ohio man I spoke with put a large display ad in a national Sunday supplement. A few days later the orders started pouring in—mail sacks full of cash! Within the next two months he received over $220,000.00 in CASH orders for his $3.00 booklet.

Perhaps you're saying to yourself, "Yes, but this only works for a few lucky people." If that's your thought—and I don't blame you for being skeptical— please try this simple little test. It won't cost you a cent.

1. Go to the library and get some year-old issues of magazines with classified ads—like Popular Mechanics and Sports Afield, etc.

2. Select current issues of the same magazines.

3. Compare the classified ads. Look at the current issue then at the back issue. Note how many of the same classified ads are still running, ONE YEAR LATER. People don't continue running ads for over a year unless they're making money at it.

Let me give you some more amazing facts about this unique little business:

★ You can start at home . . . in your spare time . . . quietly . . . it won't interfere with your present job.

★ You can take out a test ad for as little as $13.50 in a variety of well-known national magazines.

★ You don't even have to write a booklet yourself. I'll show you how to obtain "how-to" booklets at wholesale prices—or below. They're already written, already printed and ready to sell. Even better, you don't have to buy them until you've tested your ad and have the cash orders in hand. In short, you don't tie up any money in stock or supplies of books.

★ You can set your own hours. All you need is a post office nearby.

★ You can deduct up to 33% of the expenses on your home if you set up your office at home.

★ You can travel whenever you wish—or just loaf much of the time. All you need to do is pick up your mail twice a week—or have someone do it for you. You'll open orders, remove the checks (95% of them don't bounce, believe it or not) and bank your receipts.

★ In the afternoon or evening, you can type the labels for the small envelopes you'll use to ship your booklets. Drop them off at the post office and you're done. No bosses, no layoffs, no strikes, no rat race.

I've put all of my instructions—every secret—in a simple Starter Guide. And if you're wondering why I'd share my business with you—especially if it's so profitable—here's why:

The range of topics and ads is almost infinite. I won't be competing with you nor you with me. I've got a whole drawer full of ideas I haven't even tried yet. There's plenty of room for everyone.

I'll show you—

• How and where to get national ads for only $13.50 . . . ads you can run month after month.

• How to obtain FREE ADS—YOU PAY ONLY IF THE AD IS SUCCESSFUL.

• How to start with no money in books or supplies.

• Where to obtain hundreds of pre-printed booklets—at super low wholesale prices.

• How to word your ad—I'll include various sample ads.

• How to set up your office in a spare room or basement.

• I'll also include a giant list of "how-to" topics.

• Plus . . . all the sample ads, forms, lists, addresses, and details you'll need to get started within only 10 days.

If you're still skeptical, let me offer you a most unusual guarantee. I'll send you my Starter Guide to inspect. Keep it for one year. That gives you plenty of time to actually try my materials. If, at the end of one year—or anytime in between—you want your money back, just return what I've sent you. I'll issue you a full refund **within three working days**—no nonsense, no delays. That's our iron-clad guarantee.

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The March to Gibberish

I WAS TAUGHT to read in the old-fashioned way. First, we learned the alphabet; then we learned how to figure out what those combinations of alphabetical shapes represented when they were put together to form words. The method worked well and quickly. By the time we were eight years old, my friends and I were swapping copies of *Tom Swift*, *Tarzan*, *The Boy Allies*, and *Frank Merriwell*, which we read and discussed excitedly. We learned this remarkable skill in public school—P.S. something-or-other, in Jackson Heights, New York.

As Rudolf Flesch pointed out about 25 years ago in *Why Johnny Can't Read*, that method, which is called *phonics*, has worked admirably for a very long time in those cultures that use the alphabet. Yet we had unprecedented numbers of people who were supposedly educated, but who nevertheless had serious trouble with simple reading and writing. (The situation is even worse today.) Flesch blamed such problems on the "look-say" or "word" method of teaching reading, and I'm inclined to think he was right. In the word method, a child is taught to see whole words and phrases instead of the letters that form the words. Obviously, this system has worked with a great many children. Almost any system will work with a great many children. But it seems equally obvious that the word method has been much less effective than the old phonics system, with its alphabet primers and all those books of the "See Spot run" variety.

I encountered a product of the word method of instruction a few months ago. I had taken some quite spectacular shots of the autumn foliage in New Hampshire last fall, and a few of the four-by-six prints were so good that I had them blown up to eleven-by-fourteens. One of the enlargements came back as a badly faded version of the smaller print, so I took it back to the camera shop. The young man who waited on me was a recent high school graduate whom I knew slightly and who seemed bright and articulate. I showed him the two prints and he agreed that the large one was very short on color. He said he'd have the lab do it over, and he added, "We'll put in the four-by-six as a guide print." He did so, then he wrote on the envelope: To light. Guild print inclosed.

"To" for "too" is bad, but more or less understandable. "Inclosed" is an unusual but acceptable variant of "enclosed." But "guild" for "guide"? I could understand "guyed" or "gyde" or even "gide", but to put an unsounded L in there is so thoroughly puzzling as to indicate some sort of brain dysfunction—perhaps the very dysfunction implied in the term *dyslexia*. Oh, well. At least he got the first three letters right.

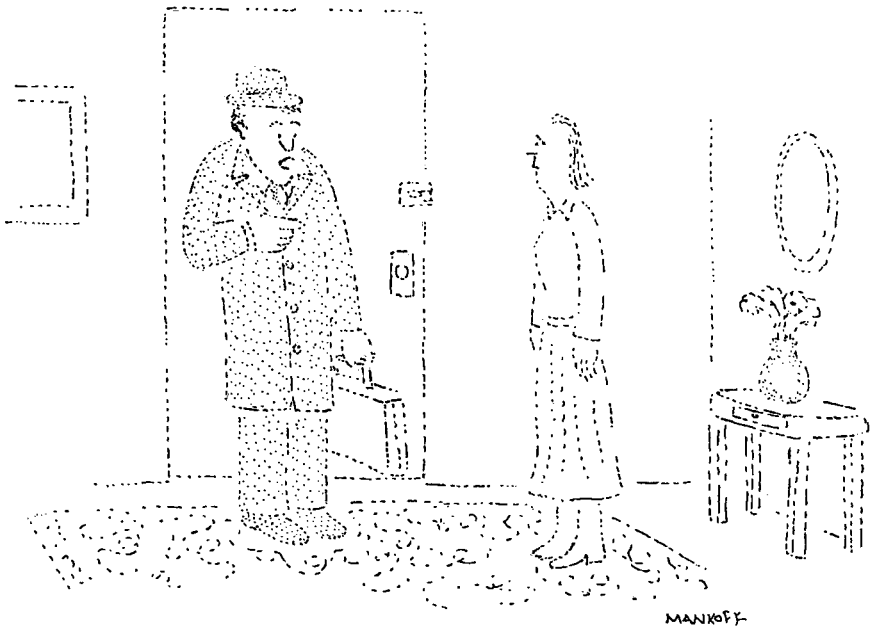
I've been disheartened to learn that, in spite of Flesch's fulmination against it, the word method is still widely used and, in fact, is strongly endorsed by influential members of the National Council of Teachers of English.

I've also discovered that there's an interesting adjunct to the word method: If, in reading, a child gets the *idea* right without getting the *words* exactly right, he's doing fine, and you don't correct him; you praise him for being sort of right. Thus, if the teacher asks Johnny to read a sentence that says, "Jane's father bought some coffee ice cream, but her mother said coffee would keep Jane awake and wouldn't let her eat it," and Johnny reads, "Jane's mother won't let her eat coffee ice cream so she can sleep nights," the teacher is supposed to say, "That's fine, Johnny, just fine."

One reason for telling Johnny he's right instead of saying, "This time let's try to read the words as they appear on the page" is that the teachers who advocate this sort of thing also believe that students have a "right to their own language," and shouldn't be required to speak the words of total strangers.

If Johnny is anything like the Johnnies, Bobbies, Joes, Eddies, and Tommies I used to know when I was a kid, he'll learn at least two—probably three—lessons here. First, he'll learn that the teacher is a fruitcake for either buying or pretending to buy that con job. Second, he'll learn that he's going to have great fun seeing how many nibbles he can get off the old simpleton before those that's-fine-just-fines start to dry up. Third, and much more pernicious, unless Johnny is much smarter than we have any right to expect him to be, he'll decide accuracy doesn't matter—that one word is just as good as another in describing a situation or a process, that there are no rights or wrongs, and that it's all relative, anyway. If one word looks O.K. for a job, then probably its aunts and uncles and its friends and neighbors will be equally O.K. for the same job. If Johnny continues his education, he will someday be able to produce stuff like, "Hopefully, these concepts will interface with the intercultural/interethnic parameters of those spheres whose aspects impact with...." His self-image will be perky, and, unfortunately, a lot of people will say, "That's fine, Johnny, just fine."

—Thomas H. Middleton



"What a day! First the car stalls going out of the driveway. Then my pen runs out of ink at work. And now I'm having some trouble opening this button on my coat."

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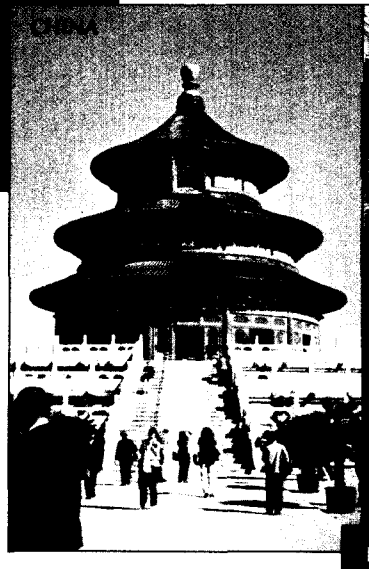

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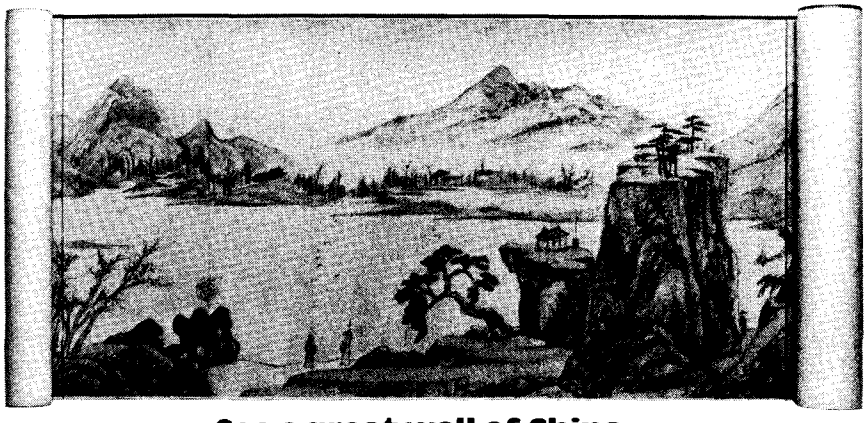

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Hair Apparent

PRESIDENTIAL POLITICS is an arabesque composed of shimmering surfaces. Beliefs are not deeply investigated, but rather expounded in thin, evanescent veneers, not memorable enough to be damning. Television interviews are vehicles for physical communication more than they are revelations of specific positions. Candidates for the White House do not differentiate between appearance and reality.

Thus, there is probably as much to be learned from details of physiognomy as from statesmanlike pronouncements. And since advanced American dental technology has pretty much perfected and rendered identical that most important political tool, the smile, the next most important physical detail is hair.

Hair has always been a statement for men, variously representing strength (Samson), fashionable virtue (King Charles I of England, whose wigs were long-locked and elaborate), bravado (General Custer), and genius (Einstein). Hair's considerable practical uses—for keeping the head warm and dry and unsunburned—have often mattered less than its symbolic value. To express their grim efficiency, Prussian officers favored the shorn look. In the Fifties, greasers and preppies declared their social differences tonsorially. Hippies made long hair the flag of the Woodstock nation.

Politicians and their publics are historically hair-minded. Whenever Odysseus had to make a good impression, Athena conveniently swooped down and thickened his mane, then massaged in a few drops of olive oil, the dry look apparently having held no magic on the shores of the wine-dark sea. Certain tribes in Africa ritually murder their chiefs as soon as a gray hair appears on head or in beard (Clairol take note).

As atavistic as it may seem, hair remains a crucial factor in a rise to power even as businesslike as an American presidential campaign. As television totemizes candidates, their power as icons is emphasized. Hair is the *sine qua non* of victory at the polls. Nearly axiomatic in U.S. politics is the unwritten rule-of-pate that no bald man can become president. In the 20th century, only Dwight Eisenhower has succeeded in being elected without the benefit of hair, but he was a military hero whose image had come to the public wearing army hats. Significantly, he twice ran against Adlai Stevenson, a bald civilian.

This apparently unbreakable rule has led our politicians to all manner of desperate ploys. Senator Proxmire suffered through a thousand japes while undergoing a more or less public hair transplant. The late Hubert Humphrey, when he ran against Richard Nixon, was so worried about thinning hair that his part occurred just above the ear. Nixon himself, who began losing his hair early in his career, has somehow managed to retain a hairline nobler than seems fair, possibly through misuse of federal funds. As much as anything else, this tenacious hair retention epitomizes Nixon's knack for political survival.

The current covey of presidential candidates probably differs more from the hairline back than in their politics. But that, as my old friend (and Holy Roman Emperor) Charles the Bald used to say, is what makes hirsute races. Taking it from the top, the contenders for the White House look like this:

Jimmy Carter The President's pale, almost transparent thatch veers close to being antihair. It seems to lie there saying, "Oh, what the hell." Like his presidency, Carter's hair is troubled. The odd act of changing his part in mid-term to make himself look younger reveals a desperation with the way others see him that is not likely to be repaired by improvements in the polls.

Ronald Reagan Like many products of Hollywood's studios, the Republican front-runner's hair looks slightly suspect, a kind of maroon special effect somewhat less convincing than a mid-priced toupee. Though Reagan is nearly 70, his hair has just turned 40, and the anachronism is disturbing. Before the election, voters may want to know more about the candidate's roots.

Jerry Brown The current California governor has the opposite problem from his predecessor. His hairline is maturing faster than his face, with unfortunate results. In the ancient way of seeing things that probably influence the election of presidents, Brown is losing strength but not gaining character. To draw attention from this problem, Brown surrounds himself with distractingly well-tressed supporters, like Jane Fonda.

John Connally In Italian politics, the former Texas governor and treasury secretary might be called something like the "Silver Fox." In African politics he might be dead. In America, his sleek, grizzled locks single him out as the only gray-haired candidate (except, of course, for Harold Stassen), a distinction that may appeal to the growing percentage of voters over 60. Should Connally succeed, his hair, combined with his politics, could cause the reappearance of powdered wigs in Congress.

George Bush The propitiously named Bush has Eighties hair. This can be seen by checking out well-known television news types like Peter Jennings, Tom Brokaw, and Morley Safer. The temples are receding in a distinguished way, with an almost boyish shock left in front—the best of both worlds, strong *and* mature. The right hair may be giving Bush a better showing than the experts expected; only his barber knows for sure.

Edward Kennedy Like his brother Jack, Ted Kennedy has power hair. (Robert had soulful hair.) If he could make it to November on hair alone, no one could beat him. Graying just so at the temples, thick, wavy, Kennedy's formidable mane can only be the envy of all his rivals. The trouble is that Kennedy is probably not as good as his hair. Unluckily for him, voters still pay some attention to what the mouth is doing.

While Gerald Ford watches from the sidelines, perhaps wishing that his genes had decreed a less retiring hairline, one of these men, with hair blowing becomingly in the January breeze off the Potomac, will take the oath in 1981. And, if tradition is upheld, the new president will carefully retain each and every important hair, while the rest of us lose ours worrying about what he's up to.

—Owen Edwards

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REACHING FOR OIL
The Soviets' Bold Mideast Strategy

by Robert Moss

SYGMA

Soviet Sam 2 missiles in Afghanistan—A brief stopover on the road to Riyadh?

SINCE THE SOVIET INVASION of Afghanistan in December, the West has been engaged in a fervent debate about the real objectives of Moscow's move. Was the Afghan blitzkrieg a "limited action" undertaken for defensive purposes, as Moscow claimed, to ensure that the anti-Marxist insurrection in Afghanistan would not spill over into the Soviet Union? Perhaps. The invasion of Afghanistan may be a step, however, toward the fulfillment of a larger, longstanding Soviet game plan. A plan that reaches far beyond the traditional Soviet ambition of a warm-water port on the Indian Ocean and that poses a grave danger for the West.

In an indiscreet conversation with a Western visitor recently, the Afghan Minister for Frontier Affairs, Lieutenant-Colonel Faiz Mohammed Khan, a member of the hard-line pro-Moscow Parcham faction of the Afghan Communist party, confided his impressions about the next target the Soviet leadership has chosen in the Mideast region. According to Colonel Mohammed, the Russians intend to strike at Iran, their principal objective being the capture of the Iranian part of Baluchistan, which would open up a land route from the Soviet border to the warm-water ports on the Indian Ocean.

Given the present mood of Western alarm over the Soviet takeover of Afghanistan, the Russians would need a pretext for a military move into Iran. Pretexts are not difficult to invent. Suppose, Colonel Mohammed theorized, some of the diplomats who were being held hostage in the U.S. embassy in Teheran happened to be "accidentally killed." Surely, he continued, that would bring American reprisals, which in turn would give the Soviets the excuse to invoke a 1921 treaty with Iran—never revoked, at least as far as Moscow is concerned—that accords Russia the right to send troops into Iran if the security of its southern border is threatened. The colonel added, almost playfully, that "more than half" of the so-called "students" who had captured the American hostages were members of the pro-Soviet Tudeh party.

Colonel Mohammed, one of the Afghan Communists who chose exile in East Europe after the late Hafizollah Amin seized power in Kabul last fall, has a fair insight into Soviet thinking. Even making allowance for the fact that his disclosure could be part of a Soviet disinformation ploy—designed to deter the United States from any military action in Iran—there is plenty of physical evidence to suggest that the Russians are gearing themselves up for an invasion of Iran. Their troops, heavily reinforced, are mobilized in strength along the Iranian borders, including the frontier with Afghanistan, near which three divisions of the Soviet occupying army have been positioned. Western intelligence sources claim that the KGB has been stirring up trouble in Iranian Azerbaijan and in Mazandaran, a crucial area along the Caspian shore, just north of Teheran. The fact that Ayatollah Khomeini is hysterically anti-American would not necessarily deter the Soviets from a strike against Iran. In fact, Moscow's calculation—whether or not events follow Colonel Mohammed's sinister scenario—may be that Western hostility to Khomeini would help to paralyze NATO's response to direct Soviet intervention.

IN A TIME OF RUMOR and emotion, it is vital to keep in mind the overall Soviet objective in the Mideast. It is a longstanding objective; indeed, Lenin defined its basic contours in his tract *Imperialism*, published one year before the Bolshevik Revolution, in which he described how the overthrow of the capitalist democracies could be brought about by depriving them of their sources of energy and raw materials that are essential to their survival.

Although many wishful-thinking correspondents seem to believe that the Soviet Politburo is composed of cautious graybeards of good faith who are incapable of aggressive designs, the occupation of Afghanistan was not a "limited action" undertaken for defensive purposes. The Russians certainly do have reason to fear instability in Soviet Central Asia, where the Moslem population, now estimated at some 50 million, has been subjected to discrimination—in terms of employment, ownership of land, intolerance of non-Russian languages, and suppression of culture and religious beliefs—so brutal and systematic that it may be accurately described as Communist apartheid. The Soviet leadership may indeed have been worried that the successful and protracted revolt by Moslem guerrillas in a neighboring state might have had a negative effect in Uzbekistan and Tadzhikistan.

The Russians, to be sure, do not lack experience in crushing nationalist resistance inside the Soviet Union (Robert Conquest, a leading authority, called them the "nation-killers" for this reason), and it is doubtful that concern over the possible spillover effects of the anti-Marxist insurrection in Afghanistan was the key factor in their decision to invade. For there are many indications that preparations for the occupation were well under way as early as the spring of last

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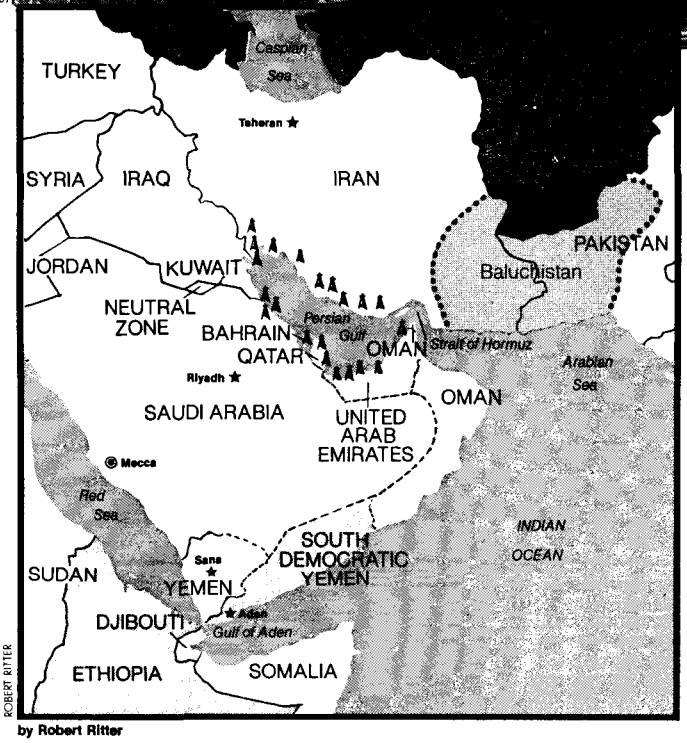
SYGMA

Soviet troops and tanks on their way in Kabul—"The nation-killers."



ROBERT RITTER

by Robert Ritter

year. The murder, by President Amin's guards, of MVD General Paputin—an old crony of Brezhnev's from their time together in Moldavia in the late 1940s and early 1950s who had been dispatched to Kabul to prepare the way for the invasion—merely served to trigger a plan that was already well advanced. (Paputin's death was announced in the Moscow press on January 2 in a statement put out by the KGB-run Dynamo Sports Club; it is now believed that he was killed on December 19, a week before the full-scale invasion.)

Via Afghanistan, along Soviet-built highways, the Russians aim to achieve the traditional ambition—common to czars and commissars—of ports on the Indian Ocean in which to base their ever-expanding blue-water navy. But beyond this is the real objective: control of the West's largest reservoir of oil in the Gulf. The ultimate Soviet goal here is not Afghanistan, nor Iran, and still less Pakistan, although these countries—if the West allows it—will be stepping-stones.

THE GOAL IS SAUDI ARABIA, where a fragile medieval monarchy maintains a tenuous grip over a tiny population of desert nomads supplemented by more immigrant workers (Yemenis, Palestinians, Egyptians, Pakistanis) than it knows how to control. The little hard information that can be gleaned from this closed kingdom suggests it is dangerously close to the brink of political collapse. Its future stability can only be guaranteed—whether or not the Saudis are able to say so in public—by the establishment of a sizable land-based Western military presence in the Gulf area.

The Saudis, as the self-appointed custodians of Islam, may say in public that the key to peace in the Mideast is the settlement of the Palestinian question and the "liberation" of Jerusalem. But the primary concern of the Saudi royal house is its own survival. In private, influential Saudis readily concede that it is not the Arab-Israeli dispute, but Soviet expansion that poses the most immediate threat to the continued rule of the House of Saud. The Saudis' efforts to undermine Camp David, their sniping at Egypt's President Sadat, and their colossal funding of the PLO, are all part of the insurance policy they have felt obliged to take out with the radical Arab interests that, as they rightly fear, are holding a knife to their throats. In a remarkable speech not long ago, Sadat charged that the Saudis are seeking to take out an insurance policy with Moscow too. Is Sadat right?

All that can be reliably stated is that if the expansion of Soviet influence in the region is allowed to continue, the faction in the Saudi royal house that favors accommodation with Moscow on pragmatic, not ideological, grounds will gain immeasurably in strength. The Saudis, like the rulers of the lesser Gulf states, are nervously aware that the Soviets have already established a formidable land-based aircraft carrier in South Yemen. This former British colony ranks today as the only openly Marxist-Leninist state in the Middle East. The present South Yemeni regime, headed by Chairman Abdul al-Fatah Isma'il, was installed by a KGB-sponsored coup. It has entered into a mutual defense treaty under which the Soviets have undertaken to intervene if South Yemen is attacked by outside forces.

According to recent intelligence reports, South Yemen's well-equipped armed forces have been placed under a joint

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operational command (together with those of nearby Ethiopia) whose chief is a Soviet general. The Soviet bloc expeditionary force in South Yemen is being constantly expanded; it includes one Cuban division and, according to usually reliable sources, at least one Soviet division. In all respects, South Yemen today rates as an Arab auxiliary of the Warsaw Pact, and there are reports that its leaders are under pressure from Moscow to become formal partners in the pact.

In addition to their huge airbase just outside Aden and their naval facilities at Socotra, the Soviets have been allowed to construct a big new airbase in the rugged Hadramaut uplands, clearly designed to assure their aerial supremacy over the Arabian peninsula as a whole, and destined to be placed under exclusive Russian control.

With this Soviet bastion already established at the back door of Saudi Arabia, a Soviet move into Iran would place the Gulf monarchies in a Russian vise. The psychological and political effects would be far-reaching and could spell the end of Western influence in the area, if not the collapse of the sheikhdoms and the overrunning of Oman, whose intelligent, plucky ruler, Sultan Qabus, has taken a lonely (and so far, largely unrewarded) stand in aligning himself with the West and Sadat against Soviet pressures in the region.

OMINOUSLY FOR ARABIA, the buildup of Soviet-bloc forces in South Yemen has been accompanied by a marked increase in naval and aerial maneuvers. Some exercises appear designed to test Russia's capacity to mount another massive airlift on the scale of the one that was organized to supply Ethiopia's Cuban- and Soviet-backed offensive against Somalia in November 1977. The Russians have about 1,800 military transport planes, including at least 50 long-range Ilyushin-76s and some 60 Antonov-22s. In addition, Aeroflot and the civilian airlines of Russia's East European satellites are pressed into service to fulfill covert military transport function. A major airlift to Russia's bases in Ethiopia carried out last November showed the effectiveness of the airborne armored personnel carrier, noted by military observers in Afghanistan. Add to the proven Soviet airlift capacity the fact that huge arms and supply depots have been constructed in South Yemen and Ethiopia (as well as Libya and Syria) and the threatening aspect of Russia's preparations for military intervention in the Gulf area cannot fail to be appreciated.

Soviet leadership must recognize, however, that a direct move against Saudi Arabia would be a *casus belli* for the United States. Moscow is more likely to continue to unsettle

Revelations of a Soviet Diplomat

OSTENSIBLY THE Institute of International Relations trains Soviet diplomats for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Students are taught not only academic subjects, but how to be a Soviet agent as well. For the Soviet trainee, subversion is emphasized over statecraft. For Soviet diplomats, there is no distinction between diplomacy and espionage. All Ministry of Foreign Affairs officers in embassies, consulates, the United Nations, and trade missions are monitored by and subject to the direct orders of the KGB. All are soldiers who wage political, ideological, and economic warfare against the capitalist countries and their imperialist sponsor, the United States.

Ideological warfare includes propaganda and recruiting potential Soviet agents in the local population and facilitating their infiltration.

Economic warfare includes attacking imperialism at its heart. That is, using actions, direct and indirect, to weaken and force the collapse of the economies of the Western nations.

One lecturer I heard as a student at the Institute in the mid-1960s cited Lenin, who predicted there will come a time when capitalists will come crawling to us, begging us to trade. "In light of our successful economic policy in the developing countries, our government considers it necessary to begin a comprehensive implementation of our economic interests in the countries of the capitalist world. The economic and political interests of our country are inseparable. Now we are entering a new era of our economic fight against imperialism, the fight which will destroy the capitalist system and put an end to imperialist exploitation and its main source, the United States," said the lecturer. The man's voice got louder: "It's you, the students of the Institute, in whom the party and the government entrust this policy. You will be the ones to sit with representatives of Western corporations at the bargaining table, you will work for our government in the developing countries to help them rid themselves of American monopolies. You'll have to learn how to beat them at their own game. You will have to learn more specialized economic and financial disciplines."

The emergence of new nations among the former colonies in Asia and Africa was in harmony with the Marxist-Leninist doctrine that says that the Western capitalist system could not survive without sources of cheap raw materials from colonial holdings. Soviet projections showed that the capitalist powers would become increasingly more dependent on Asia, Africa, and Latin America, particularly for petroleum. The Soviet Union, he said, will be directing a massive effort encouraging these new nations in policies that will disrupt the capitalist supply line and destroy their economies. I didn't realize how far-reaching this new Soviet policy would be, however, until I actually worked to implement it in the field during the years that followed. For now, it meant that the Central Committee wanted our training intensified, especially for those—like myself—involved in the Institute's Middle Eastern studies. This was where most of the oil was and where—the Central Committee already had decided—a major, long-term economic and ideological campaign was to take place with our graduates on the front line.

The directive resulted in a major shift in our curriculum. New classes in Western currency and banking systems—with a Marxist slant—depicted the Rockefellers and others pulling the strings of U.S. government and the world capitalist conspiracy. We learned about business procedures, corporate structure, trade, accounting, securities, marketing, and labor relations.

There was special emphasis on the relationship between the United States and its industrialized allies on one hand, and the dollar-poor but resource-rich nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America on the other. We learned how industrialized countries depend upon developing nations for raw materials, especially oil.

As a Middle East specialist, I studied the oil business and its relationship to Arab politics. I learned it was possible to plan, stimulate, and arrange conditions—political, ideological, and military—that would trigger a cutoff of supplies to a Western country.

We worked with balance sheets and actual records from Western corporations, including Standard Oil of California, Occidental Petroleum, Pullman Kellogg, Bechtel and Flour. We studied how a U.S. company comes into a Middle Eastern nation and secures contracts, who their agents are, how they interface with the government. We studied it so that one day we'd be able to act better, entertain better, offer better terms. My group was Arab and we paid special attention to Soviet economic opportunities in the

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the Saudis by subversion and intimidation. There was evidence of covert Soviet involvement in the assault on the Grand Mosque in Mecca last year. The rebels received arms from South Yemen and, according to West European intelligence sources, large supplies of up-to-date Soviet infantry weapons were readied at a depot on the South Yemeni side of the border, to be distributed if the uprising appeared likely to succeed. Some of the rebels were trained by Cuban and East German instructors at a camp near Lahej, 40 miles from Aden, which has been used in the past for training recruits for the Progressive Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), including West Europeans. South Yemen will continue to provide a springboard for efforts to destabilize the Saudi regime, and the Saudis' continuing efforts to buy peace through détente with the Marxist regime in Aden and concessions to its Soviet backers (such as the Saudis' agreement to allow Soviet planes to fly through their airspace) are unlikely to bear fruit.

A more important concern is the new accord that has been established between North Yemen and the Soviets. President 'Abdullah Saleh is taking delivery of large quantities of Soviet-made arms and playing host to the Soviet instructors who have been sent with them. The KGB has been allowed to establish a large *rezidentura* in Sanaa, which operates under the overall supervision of KGB General Vladimir Sharayev, the Soviet intelligence chief for the region, whose headquarters is in Aden. The North Yemenis are systematically rupturing their existing ties with Saudi Arabia. Students studying at Saudi universities have been ordered to return home, and an agreement has reportedly been reached with the Russians under which some of the students will be sent to universities in Moscow, Baku, and Tashkent.

Add to this the fact that more than one million Yemenis—from North and South—are employed in Saudi Arabia and it can be seen that the Saudis face a tremendous security problem. This is without taking into account the influence of radical PLO factions over the Palestinians who have occupied key posts in the Saudi administration; of the fundamentalist Moslem Brotherhood over Egyptian teachers in the kingdom; or of Khomeini's agents over the Saudi Shia community, concentrated in the east of the country, uncomfortably near the biggest oil fields.

THE WEAKNESS of the regime became embarrassingly obvious during the Mecca uprising last year, which resulted in a widespread purge of top military and

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Arab nations, and how these related to the political situation in each.

The Soviet Union worked hard to establish a strong foothold in the Arab world, recruiting nationals, disseminating Communist propaganda, and encouraging development of institutions along Soviet lines. I later became very familiar with all of these activities. In countries where Soviet influence was not as yet so great—for example, oil-rich Kuwait, where I was later stationed—there were opportunities to bid on development projects—roads, ports, factories. There was never any question that we could undercut the prices offered by any Western European or U.S. company, since the Soviet government could send technicians and materials at whatever price it chose. As long as the political objections of anti-Communist factions within the country could be overcome, a deal could be made.

The winning of a project isn't an end in itself, as it might be for a Western company, but a take-off point for a long-range campaign of increasing Soviet influence over the host country. Each project is, in fact, a KGB Trojan horse. Once a contract is underway a group of specialists arrives. It resembles an army unit, but at its head is the KGB. Since the group has to do a good job, qualified engineers and technicians are involved. However, their work load is above their manpower distribution, for a quarter of the people would be concerned primarily with intelligence and internal security.

The strategy solves the Soviet dilemma of whether the Soviet Union should concentrate its efforts on internal development or on exporting world revolution.

The goal, as we were often reminded at the Institute, is twofold: one, to bring the developing nations themselves into the socialist camp; two, to cut off the capitalist countries from their sources of fuels and raw materials. Long before Americans were thinking about the possibility of an oil crisis, we learned about the dependence of the United States, Western Europe, and Japan on Middle Eastern oil.

The Soviet Union always had enough oil to be self-sufficient and may have a sizable surplus in untapped fields. Western experts estimated So-

JAMES WARREN

viet proven oil reserves in 1979 to be 71 billion barrels, second only to Saudi Arabia's 165.7 billion, but Soviet officials I encountered while I was there—including those working directly in managing oil production—said Soviet reserves were much higher than Westerners suspected. Most present production is concentrated along the Iranian border in Azerbaidzhan and Kazakhstan, but there are also large deposits in Siberia, including new finds in the Arctic regions.

"Wouldn't it be great to have some kind of a problem, say, in the Middle East, like between Jews and Arabs. You probably don't know, Americans will always be on the Israeli side. You know whose side we'll take?" my professor once asked.

"Sure," I answered, "the Arab side."

"Right! We'll support them all the way against the Jews. Gradually they'll take control of oil production and Americans will be isolated. In the mid-Seventies the oil prices will skyrocket and by 1980 a recession and maybe an economic depression will hit the Western world. I'd say between 1985 and 1990, or maybe sooner, the capitalist system will collapse or undergo drastic changes."

The strength of Soviet foreign policy is in its relentless pursuit of long-term objectives such as cutting off the U.S. from the Arab world and its oil. The tactics involved continually fanning the fires of Arab-Israeli conflict.

In Iran, Moslem revolutionaries had received cooperation and arms from the PLO, which in turn receives arms from the Soviet bloc. The Soviets also had ties to Iranian Communists among the oil workers, whose strikes helped topple the Shah's regime and precipitated a new oil crisis for the West. The lowering of production and the steep raising of petroleum prices is the fruit of this policy.

—Vladimir Sakharov and Umberto Tosi

A graduate of Moscow's Institute of International Relations, Vladimir Sakharov worked in the Middle East. He lives now in the U.S. Umberto Tosi is a freelance writer.

Excerpted from *High Treason* by Vladimir Sakharov and Umberto Tosi. Copyright © 1980 by Vladimir Sakharov and Umberto Tosi. To be published by G.P. Putnam's Sons

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He created some of the world's most passionate music.

Yet he died whispering the name of a woman he had never met.

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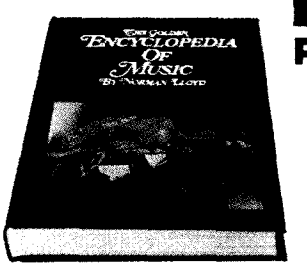

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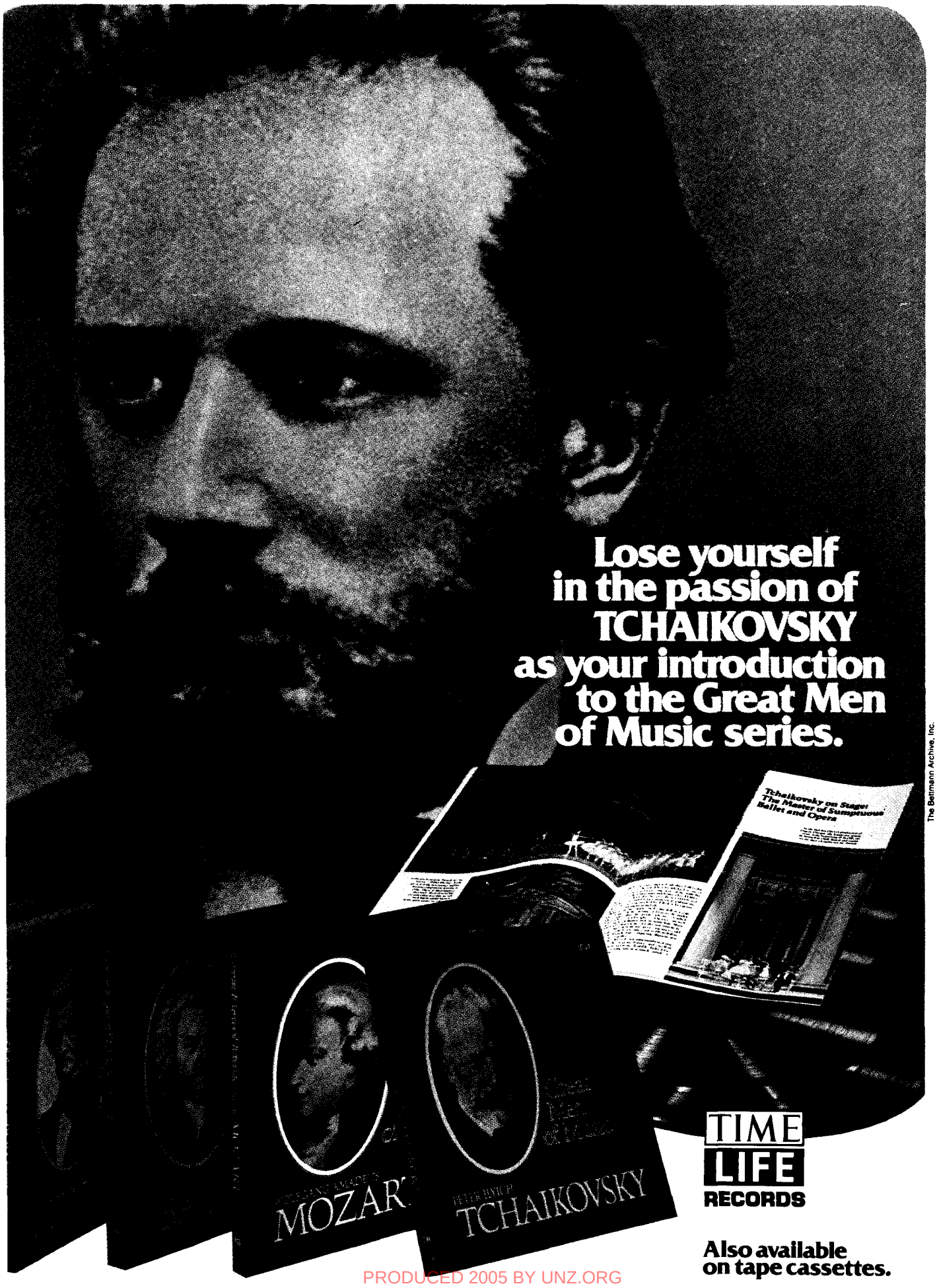

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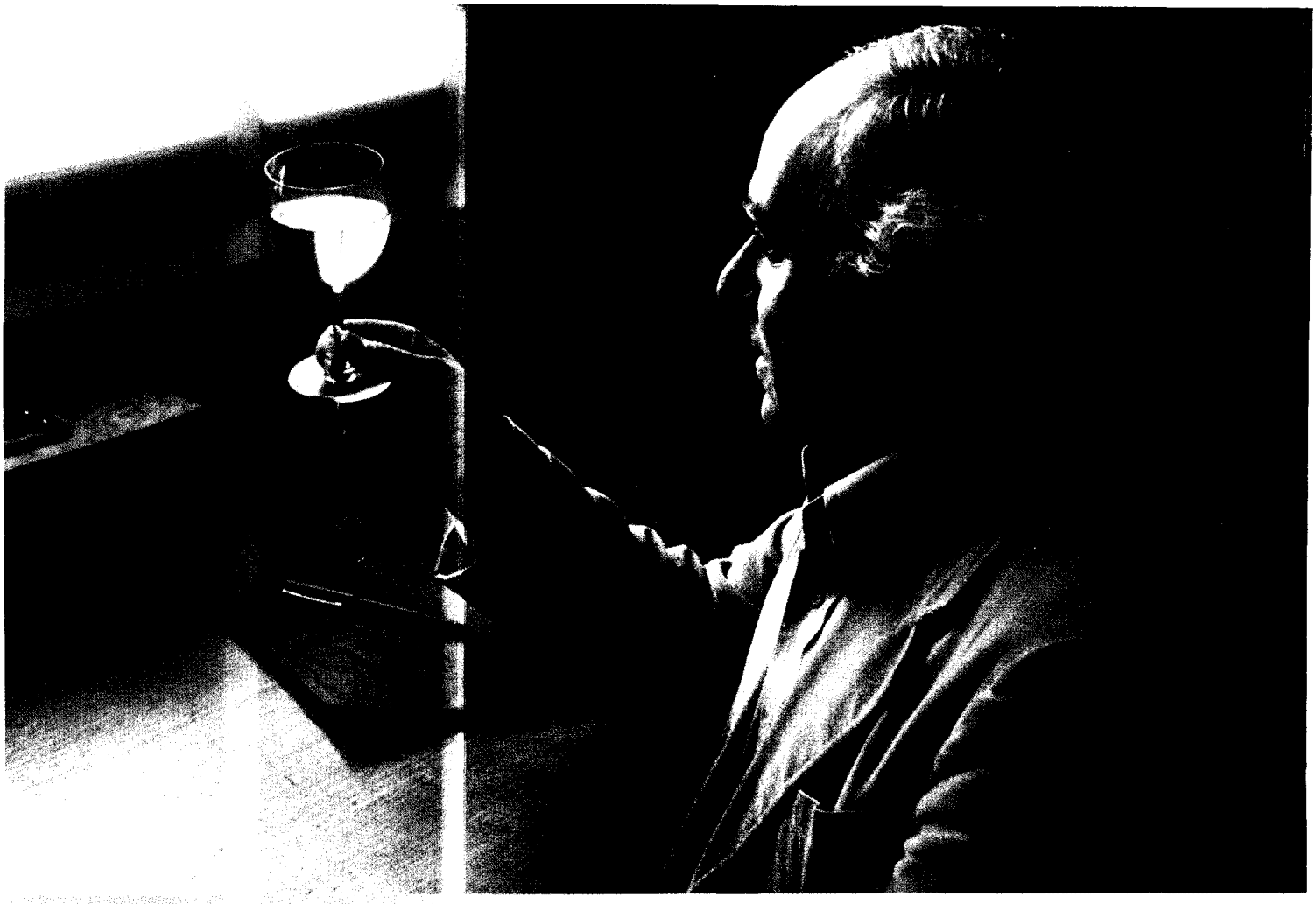

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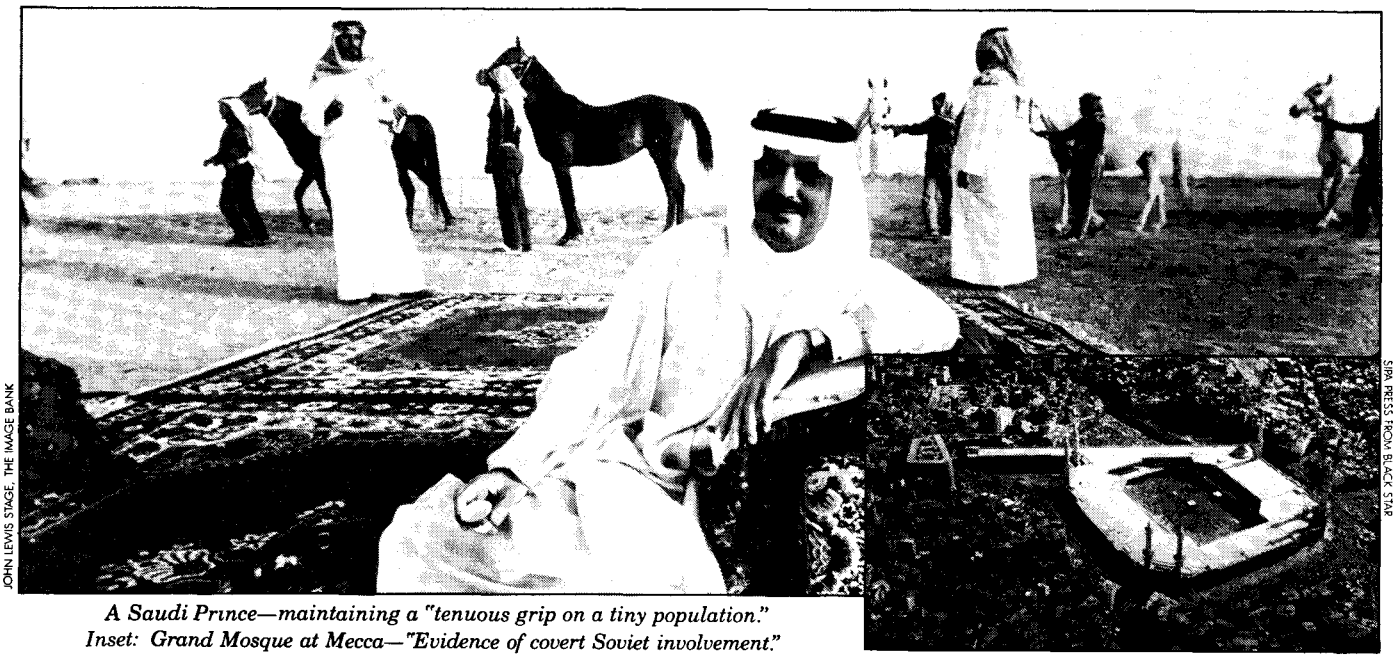

JOHN LEWIS STAGE, THE IMAGE BANK

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A Saudi Prince—maintaining a "tenuous grip on a tiny population."
Inset: Grand Mosque at Mecca—"Evidence of covert Soviet involvement."

security chiefs, including the powerful governor of Mecca. They were made scapegoats for the long delay in evicting the rebels from the Mosque, and the security breakdown that allowed the rebels to smuggle their weapons into its precincts at the outset. What was most disturbing for the Saudi rulers was that elements of the national guard and, according to some reports, the army defected to the rebel cause, and supplied the insurgents with heavy machine guns and automatic rifles from their own armories.

In the last months of the Shah of Iran's regime one of the top officers in SAVAK, the Iranian security and intelligence service, confided to me his fears that if his own regime fell, that of Saudi Arabia might not be far behind. He claimed that Saudi officers serving with the Arab peace-keeping force in Lebanon were being approached by Syrian agents of the KGB who were seeking to build a "Nasserist" faction in the Saudi armed forces. He also told me a story that reflected his skepticism about the capacity of Saudi Arabia's security apparatus to cope with subversion. As part of the effort to bring about closer Iranian-Saudi collaboration in Gulf security, he said, SAVAK had requested Saudi intelligence to assign a station chief to Teheran.

The Saudi officer duly installed himself in the Iranian capital, but within a few weeks he returned to Riyadh on what he stated would be a brief working visit, lasting at most two weeks. A month elapsed, and General Moghaddam, the SAVAK chief, finally got in touch with Prince Turki—who has overall responsibility for Saudi intelligence—to find out what had happened to the station chief. There were urgent matters to discuss, including the growing involvement of radical Palestinian groups in efforts to destabilize both their countries. Prince Turki expressed equal surprise at the absence of his station chief. The officer had told his superiors two weeks before that he was on his way back to Teheran. The station chief finally reappeared six weeks after his departure from his post; it transpired that he had decided to take a vacation on the French Riviera—without informing his own masters or the Iranian service to which he was accredited.

IT MIGHT BE OBJECTED that it is wrong to make too much out of such incidents, but the somber lesson of what happened in Mecca— which was evidently designed as only one move in a planned sequence of uprisings in Medina, Taif, and Riyadh—is that it is even more foolish to believe that desert loyalties and primitive Islam will hold Saudi Arabia together and keep it aligned with the West in the period ahead.

One of the rallying calls for the Mecca rebels was the demand to cut back on oil deliveries to the West. Washington sources suggest that the demand was presented officially during Zbigniew Brzezinski's visit to Riyadh on February 4. The Saudis talked of cutting back oil production by 2 million barrels a day and pressed for the overthrow of the Camp David accords and for intensified American pressure on Israel to concede the right to an independent Palestinian state, probably linked to Jordan. So long as an image of Western impotence in the face of Soviet expansion in Afghanistan (and elsewhere) persists in the region, the Saudi royal house will feel compelled to make more and more gestures of this kind, to buy time from the Soviets and the radical Arabs.

Attention is shifted back to the Palestinian question because it is easier to bring pressure on the Israelis than on the Soviets, and because the Saudis believe that their best prospect for survival lies in posturing as the champions of the Arab cause "betrayed" by Sadat. But the Palestinian issue is wholly irrelevant to most of the tidal changes that have come about in the area over the last year or so; what is the connection between the West Bank and the overthrow of the Shah, the takeover of Afghanistan, and the conversion of South Yemen and Ethiopia into auxiliaries of the Warsaw Pact?

Speculation about where Russia might move next ranges from an invasion of Iran and Pakistan to backing the Syrians in a new strike against Israel or southern Lebanon and from a move into Yugoslavia after Tito's death to such farther-flung adventures as a preemptive strike against China. In many respects, the Soviet leadership would be wise to pull back, allowing time to consolidate its hold over Afghanistan, where the aerial photographs of decontamination vehicles moving with the Red Army columns suggest that the Russians may be preparing to employ chemical and biological weapons to drive the guerrillas from the mountain passes. Large-scale exercises in central Slovakia last August that involved dropping Russian paratroops into a mountainous test range contaminated with bacteriological agents may have been part of the run-up to such action.

The men in Moscow are well aware that this is an election year in both America and West Germany, and are unlikely to boost the chances of those candidates who are pressing for tougher defense measures than President Carter or Chancellor Schmidt are willing to adopt by further military adventures between now and then. Although the new mood in the United States and Britain—and the indications that Washington is now at last preparing to establish a significant mili-

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tary presence on the Omani island of Masirah and elsewhere in the region—must have disturbed the Russians, they can draw satisfaction from the open rift within NATO over the best means to respond to Soviet expansion. They will not wish to pull the alliance tighter together by staging a rerun of the Afghan invasion.

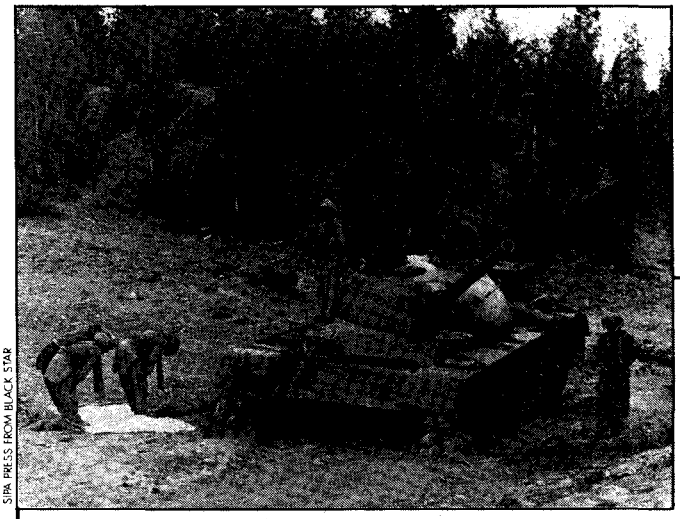
Leonid Brezhnev told a secret meeting of Warsaw Pact leaders in Prague in 1973 that the Soviet objective was world dominance by the year 1985, and that the control of Europe's sources of energy and raw materials would reduce it to the condition of a hostage to Moscow. The Soviets may calculate that, given the increased defense budget in the United States and other moves to improve NATO's deterrent posture, Russia will be in a position of greater relative strength over the next two to three years—while NATO is trying to catch up—than it is likely to achieve thereafter. That is a particularly powerful reason for taking advantage of present opportunities.

AMONG THOSE OPPORTUNITIES, the "Baluchi option" (to return to the point from which we started) is especially intriguing. For two decades, the Soviets have paid close attention to the Baluchis. Thousands of students from both Iranian and Pakistani Baluchistan have attended schools and universities in the Soviet Union, making the long journey overland (often via Afghanistan). Ahmed Mollazadegh, the militant son of the most important of the Baluchis' traditional leaders, is making fire-breathing speeches about the right to an independent Baluchistan that often have a Marxist ring to them. He is reported to be in close contact with Iranian Marxist organizations.

The failing health of Ayatollah Khomeini, the power struggles raging in Teheran, the popular revolts that are in process in Azerbaijan, Kurdistan, and oil-rich Khuzestan (where the Arab community is being incited and armed by the Iraqis) place Iran at imminent risk of falling apart. There is now some slight, but nonetheless genuine, hope of a recapture of power by moderate, pro-Western forces. Shapur Bakhtiar, the former prime minister, talks of returning to Iran from his exile base in Paris to lead the resistance. Many army units outside the capital are known to remain intact, shuttered up in their barracks.

The Soviets are also poised to seize their moment either with a covertly sponsored leftist coup or with direct military intervention. The importance of Iran's communist Tudeh Party must not be underestimated. Though small in numbers, the Party's cadres have a well-organized network inside the armed forces and state broadcasting, and predominant influence among the oilfield workers of Khuzestan. If Colonel Mohammed Khan is to be believed, it could be the Tudeh that will have the decisive say in what happens at the U.S. Embassy. And the Soviets have many other assets in Iran, including the special Soviet-trained PLO unit that was sent to Teheran last year to help set up a new secret police for the Khomeini regime, a sort of revolutionary SAVAK. The Russians were deeply involved in the campaign to overthrow the Shah, although few people (least of all in the Carter Administration) were willing to consider the evidence at a time when it could have helped to guide Western policy. Now the Soviets are readying themselves to cash in on their investment.

Robert Moss is editor of Foreign Report, *the* Economist's *intelligence bulletin, and writes a column for the London* Daily Telegraph. *He is the coauthor of a political thriller,* The Spike, *which will be published by Crown this spring.*



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MAGNUM

Afghan rebel—Russians may be using chemical warfare to drive them from caves. Inset: rebels with captured Soviet T-54 tank.

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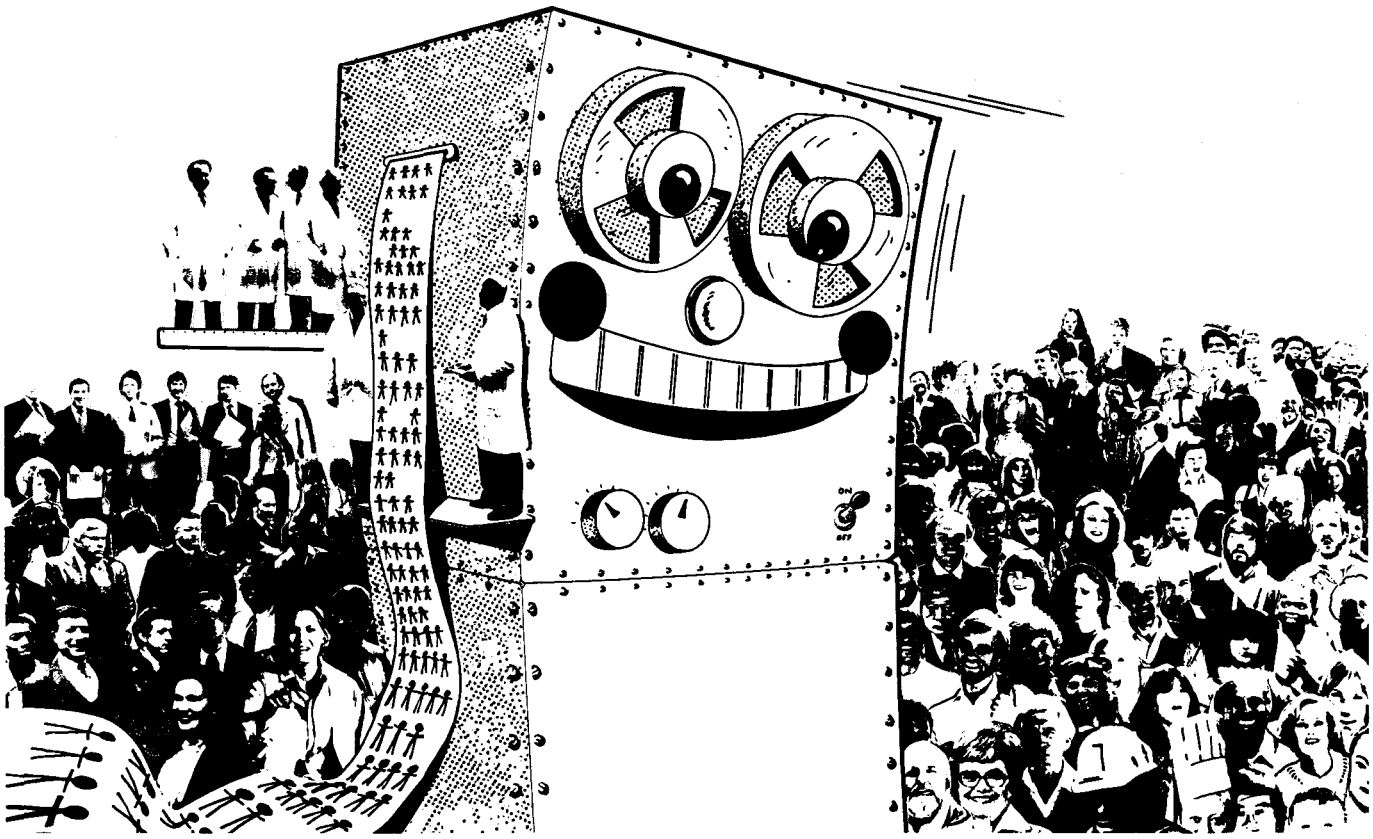

Who Counts?

The Politics of the 1980 Census

by Ben Yagoda

THE QUESTION HAD simply never come up before. The Bureau of the Census—the division of the Commerce Department responsible for conducting a nationwide enumeration every 10 years—had always acted on the assumption that whoever is present in the United States on April 1 of a year ending in zero, except foreign tourists and diplomats, should be counted. And that included illegal aliens.

But the number of illegals in the country has been growing—reaching the level, the Bureau estimated recently, of five million. Moreover, far more depends on this census than on any previous one. Most of the federal funding programs enacted within the last decade—including the mammoth General Revenue Sharing Act of 1972—rely on census data to determine the allocation of money. States and cities stand to gain or lose millions of dollars on the basis of relatively small changes in population. The census's *raison d'être* is congressional apportionment, and the large-scale geographic shifts in the Seventies will move some 14 seats between the states.

Accordingly, in the last few years Hispanic-American groups and localities with large proportions of what they like to call "undocumented citizens" have mounted an intense twofold campaign: persuading the uncounted to take part in the census and persuading the Census Bureau to find them. Unlike many government employees, census workers really do consider themselves public servants, and they are always open to suggestion; the Bureau's deputy director, Daniel Levine, sums up its creed as "We do it all for you." And so community service workers were sent into barrios and migrant camps all over the country, armed with the message that the census is a good thing. So, too, millions have been spent on promotion—with virtually every ad and brochure stressing the strict confidentiality of the census.

All this publicity had one unintended effect: It reached the ears of groups opposed to illegal immigration, and those whose interests would be hurt by including illegals in the census. In December, the Federation of Americans for Immigration Reform (FAIR)—an offshoot of the Zero Population Growth movement that has concentrated its energies on reducing the flow of illegal immigration—filed suit to force the Census Bureau to exclude illegals from the population counts used for fund-allocation and reapportionment. Almost at once, FAIR's Barnaby Zall admits, "the thing got much bigger than we expected," as a panoply of interveners, bearing a broad array of crosses, joined in the suit: The state of Vermont. No fewer than 26 members of Congress. And, more surprisingly, the Committee for Representative Government, a black group afraid that counting illegals would dilute its own newfound electoral power.

On the other side, meanwhile, the government was joined by New York—both state (which, according to FAIR, would lose only one seat instead of four if illegals were included) and city (which has about 750,000 of them)—by the Mexican-American Legal Defense and Educational Fund (MALDEF), and by the American Jewish Committee.

Each side's case has merits. FAIR and its allies point out that counting illegal aliens amounts almost to officially sanctioning their presence in this country and encouraging others to come over. In addition, FAIR contends it would violate the one-man one-vote principle—which the Supreme Court established in a series of decisions in the 1960s and defined as meaning that "one person's vote in a congressional election is to be worth as much as another's." Election districts with many illegals will contain fewer registered voters whose ballots will therefore carry disproportionate weight.

The Census Bureau and company refer to the Constitution, which states

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merely that congressional representation shall be based on "the whole number of persons in each state," saying nothing about the status of those persons. Omitting the undocumented also appears to place an unfair burden on communities that have to provide services for them. MALDEF says that illegals pay far more in taxes than they receive in government benefits, which they are afraid to claim, and that not counting them amounts to taxation without representation. Finally, the Bureau contends that it is technically impossible to prepare a census count independent of illegal aliens.

At this writing, the matter is still in the courts. But whatever the result, the very filing of the suit is typical of the controversies that have plagued the 1980 census. A little more than a year ago, the director of the Bureau was forced to resign, and several of the senior staff members retired prematurely. Then, in mid-February of this year, just seven weeks before Census Day, Earl J. Gerson was relieved of his duties as the man in charge of the 1980 census. His sin was failing to prevent a commercial contractor from making a serious mistake with the address labels on census forms, and then not reporting the situation to his superiors. (He kept his post as assistant director for demographic censuses.) More generally, the Bureau—which once lived a "shadowy existence in a world of passionate anonymity," as an ex-staff member has written—has become a whipping post for nearly every ethnic, social, or racial group that feels it has been cheated or ignored.

ACTUALLY, FOR SUCH A sensible enterprise, census taking has traditionally had more than its share of trouble. Being counted is seen as a form of possession by certain peoples. There is also a fear that census takers may be tax collectors or other unbenevolent authority figures.

No European country instituted an effective nationwide census until the 19th century. The debate on a bill defeated by the English Parliament in 1751 indicates some of the reasons why. One opponent claimed a "census would reveal England's weakness to her enemies"; another called it "subversive of the last remains of English liberty"; a third felt it would bring on "some public misfortune of epidemical disaster." That the country did pass a Census Act in 1800 is in part attributable to Malthus's "Essay on the Principle of Population" (1798), in whose terms the bill speaks: "In times like these, when subsistence of the people is in doubt, it is surely important to know the demand for which we are to supply."

America had decided to institute a census not so much for philosophical or ecological reasons as for the practical need to solve two political problems. At the time of the Constitutional Convention, the U.S. still owed a heavy war debt from the Revolution. The delegates also had to decide how the new republic would be legislated. In a stroke of genius ever after known as the Great Compromise, they answered both questions at once: A census would be taken every 10 years, with the results determining both representation in the lower house and taxation. The beauty of it was that the twin threats of overtaxation and underrepresentation removed any temptation for the states, as James Madison wrote in *The Federalist*, "to swell or reduce their numbers." (Because of the South's large black population, it was agreed that each slave was to be counted as three-fifths of a person.) In the first census, of 1790, only six questions were asked of 3,929,214 persons at a cost of $44,377.28—a price of 1.1 cents a head.

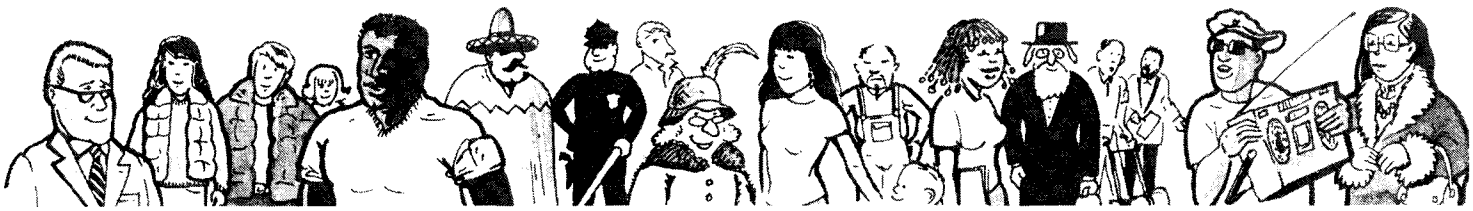
> More than anything else, Kaplan and his classmates love counting people.

Census taking became a bigger and bigger enterprise over the next century, and the Bureau was made a permanent organization in 1902. The next great step came in the Thirties, when sampling was used for the first time. By carefully selecting a representative group of individuals, the characteristics of the population as a whole could be extrapolated. Such sophisticated techniques were necessary, for the projects of the New Deal had created a great new demand for social statistics. Sampling and related methods also enabled the Bureau to expand its activities greatly—from the simple taking of a head count every 10 years to a vast array of ongoing surveys and studies that are used by business as well as by universities and the government.

For the past four decades, the Bureau, located in dowdy Suitland, Maryland, has been dominated by a highly committed and talented group—most of them men, many of them from New York City—known collectively as the Class of 1940. The new emphasis on statistics in government created a need for a staff, and, remembers David Kaplan, who retired last year as assistant director for demographic censuses, "the Depression gave the Bureau an enormous civil service list to draw on. They were able to pick the cream of the crop—I remember a fellow clerk of mine who had a Ph.D. in statistics." More than anything else, Kaplan and his classmates love counting people—thinking up ways to ferret them out, more and more things to find out about them, better and better uses for the data. When their families tell them about any social gathering, the first question they ask is always, "How many people were there?" They've had a good time at the Bureau, and have earned for it considerable respect in the government, social science, and statistical communities.

But the last few years have not been so easy. First there was the Plotkin affair. The director's job at Census has traditionally been a political appointment, and Jimmy Carter's choice was Manuel Plotkin, a marketing man at Sears and a strong favorite of the President's own pollster, Patrick Caddell. It was, says a senior staff member, "a classic case of the wrong man for the job. Plotkin had been told that the Bureau was a nest of problems, and he fluttered between trusting and not trusting the staff. He had never worked with large numbers of people before and he was clearly uncomfortable." Plotkin had a number of maddening personal idiosyncracies, too—such as an irrational dependence on charts and a need to have everything on paper. "Before going into any meeting," recalls the staffer, "he asked someone to write down what he was going to say—it made him look terrible."

In late 1978 the President appointed Patricia Knox, a tough political veteran from Detroit, to handle the huge job of hiring 275,000 temporary workers needed to conduct the 1980 census. Through her, the White House learned of the problems in the director's office. "From the beginning she was out to get Plotkin," remembers the staffer. "She would talk to various people in the Bureau, and we found out later that she had told every one of us, 'You're the first person I've found here who's a real person, who understands,' and got us to spill what we were thinking." Knox prepared a devastating memorandum for



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the President that led to Plotkin's resignation in February 1979—ostensibly because of a possible conflict of interest in an affirmative-action case the government was bringing against Sears. With the census barely more than a year away, it would have been disastrous to bring in a completely new man, and the White House took the unprecedented step of calling on a Republican, Vincent Barabba, the previous director and a Nixon appointee.

No sooner had he arrived than he was faced with the referral problem. Temporary census jobs range from the army of field enumerators, who get about $4.50 an hour and have to climb a lot of stairs, to the managers of the 409 district offices, who earn about $10 an hour. Most of the positions, and nearly all of the high-level ones, have always been filled by political referral. But the Civil Service Reform Act of 1978, passed with the strong support of Jimmy Carter, eliminated all such referral systems throughout the government. This made Democratic congressmen, who realized they had just given away a key election-year plum, unhappy. Before too long, Jody Powell was somewhat sheepishly announcing that census workers would be hired politically after all—a proviso in the act that allows the President to waive the rules under certain circumstances.

In the spring of '79, meanwhile, the senior staff at the Bureau was decimated by early retirements: Kaplan, deputy director Robert Hagan, and two associate directors—James Turbitt and Harold Nisselson. And then Gerson made his labeling blunder.

Some of the Census Bureau's woes have been solely personnel matters, and some, appropriately enough, have been demographic ones: the Class of 1940 was a "cohort" (a subgeneration) that reached retirement age at an unfortunate time. But it goes deeper. Like the FAIR suit, the Bureau's staff problems are reflections of the fact that the census is no longer merely a gathering of statistics, but a vital political process.

In a period when, in the words of Bryant Robey, the editor of *American Demographics*, "national statistics may be replacing national consensus as the basis for public policy," the primary aim of any interest group is to be counted. They are realizing, along with Heraclitus, that demography is destiny. And, as Kaplan says, "they are beating a path to Suitland."

The 1980 census questionnaire—especially the long form, which was sent to about one out of every six American households—is a palimpsest: Beneath the surface, if one knows where to look, are all kinds of hard-fought battles and hard-won compromises. Start with question one: The 1970 form asked for the name of the "household head," while this year's asks only for "the household member ... in whose name the home is owned or rented." (Credit: feminism.) The question on race lists 14 possible responses, compared to eight a decade ago (new are Asian Indian, Guamanian, Samoan, Eskimo, and Aleut); the choice "Negro or Black" has been changed to

Interest groups in this country are realizing that demography is destiny.

"Black or Negro"; and the open-ended "What is this person's ancestry?" (not very useful statistically) replaces merely asking where his mother was born. (Credit: growing racial and ethnic awareness, but credit the Bureau for not giving in when one group occupied the director's office demanding to be a category.) A new question asks if there is a disability that "*Limits or prevents* the person from using public transportation." (Credit: the handicapped lobby.)

It's more than a question of identity. There is apportionment. And there is money. Some $50 billion a year is distributed by the federal government to localities on the basis of census data, and 42 percent of all formula grants include population as a key variable.

The reason all of this makes life hard in Suitland is something known as the undercount. It was recognized as early as the first census, after which George Washington assured the American people that "our *real* numbers will exceed, greatly, the official returns." Statisticians tend to be perfectionists, and the Bureau has become extraordinarily diligent in examining its own errors; 10 percent of the $1 billion budget for the 1980 census, Levine estimates, will go toward evaluation and quality control. The Bureau has determined that in 1970, about 2.5 percent of the population was missed. The figures become more ominous when one considers that 7.7 percent of the black population, 9.9 percent of male blacks, and 17-19 percent of black men between 25 and 44 were not counted. Although there are no figures for the Hispanic undercount, it is assumed to be comparable. The neglected population is, of course, not distributed evenly, and it costs those areas where it is concentrated a great deal of money. Mayor Marion Barry of Washington, D.C., estimated before a congressional hearing that his city lost $1.9 million in revenue sharing due to the 1970 undercount, that Atlanta lost $11.7 million in CETA funds, and that New York City lost more than $10.7 million in revenue sharing in 1978 alone. Quite naturally, such municipalities have been pressing the Bureau to do a better job this time.

The Bureau, of course, responded—as can be seen most dramatically in the increase in the census budget, from $212 million in 1970 to this year's $1 billion. A good deal of the boost went to inflation, but fully a third of it has gone to coverage improvement. Old procedures were improved and new ones initiated, but the big push has been in public relations. A number of minority liaison committees were established, and 200 community service workers were hired to convince ghetto and barrio residents that the census is in their interests. Most prominently, the 1980 census has been accompanied by a massive ad campaign, put together gratis by the Advertising Council but still costing the Bureau $5 million; eventually, it will have appeared in $40 million worth of (donated) media.

Not everyone is satisfied. In New York City, for example, David Jones, the special assistant to Mayor Edward Koch who is coordinating the census effort, says that 750,000 residents—many of them illegal aliens—are missed by census estimates; their loss in 1980, he predicts, would cost the city hundreds of millions of dollars over the next decade and one or two congressional seats.

Jones feels that, left alone, the Bureau would have severely shortchanged the city again. To take up the slack he has been "trying to spin as many wheels as possible." As coordinated by a full-time staff of six, the New York census office has made sure that every city agency and a number of utilities talk up the census to all their clients. A high-powered Wall Street law firm was persuaded to argue the city's case *pro bono* in the FAIR suit. Voluminous amounts of publicity and educational material were prepared and produced. And all of

ALL ILLUSTRATIONS BY JEAN-MARIE TROILLARD

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the city's radio and TV stations agreed to cooperatively produce and broadcast a specialized New York census ad and information campaign.

APRIL 1 IS OVER and, as always, the people in Suitland are amazed that it dawned and ended a day like any other. "We always expect thunder and lightning," says Kaplan. Enumerators are busy calling on the 10 percent of the country to whom, for various reasons, forms weren't sent, and on those of the rest who didn't respond. But the controversy about the 1980 census is far from over. Republicans and rural interests are concerned that the efforts to avoid an undercount may be leading to an overcount. Republican Congressman Jim Leach of Iowa, pointing to a new local-review program, has said, "It paves the way for tampering with census statistics, since cities and states with the greatest sophistication and clout will do anything to assure that a 'generous' count occurs in their area."

There is some justice in these concerns. The Great Compromise hinged on the advantages and disadvantages of population canceling each other out; with almost all money now flowing from Washington outward, the disadvantages have been removed. And, as David Kaplan admits, "Our propaganda is saying, 105 percent is better than 100 percent." Still, there is little real chance of an overcount—if only because it could never be accomplished on a large enough scale to offset the undercount. Moreover, the Bureau has instituted so many internal checks and quality-control procedures that only the grandest conspiracy could elude them.

It is virtually certain, however, that one divisive issue—of low visibility at the moment—will emerge in the coming months. It springs from a simple and plausible question: "If the Census Bureau can estimate the undercount down to age, sex, and race, and if so much depends on the data, why doesn't it adjust the figures to account for the people it knows were missed?"

If one considers the adjustment issue to be composed of four elements—equity, legality, technique, and politics—the first two pose little problem. No one can deny that it's unfair to penalize states and cities for the Census Bureau's inability to count all their inhabitants, or that this injustice should be corrected if possible. There would be serious constitutional difficulties if adjusted figures were used for apportionment, but this has not been widely suggested. For the allocation of funds, there appear to be few legal obstacles. Technically, it's a different story. Of the various methods for estimating the undercount, the Bureau has found none sufficiently accurate.

Politically, the adjustment issue will closely parallel the question of counting illegal aliens. In each about five million people (in one case real, in the other inferred) are involved, and in each the battle lines are drawn racially and geographically—in a more complex configuration than the customary Sunbelt-Snowbelt division. Northern, midwestern, and western states with large minority populations will join with the South in championing adjustment, while New England, the rural Midwest, and western states with few Hispanics will oppose it. The one side will refuse to pay the price for Census Bureau failures; the other will refuse to lose its rightful inheritance to phantoms.

The Bureau hopes Congress will end its addiction to gray statistics.

Although Senator Daniel P. Moynihan (D.-N.Y.) has introduced a bill calling for adjustment, the ultimate decision will be made by the Commerce Department—with input, presumably, from the White House. Courtenay Slater, the chief economist at Commerce, who has responsibility for census matters, says she has thus far only been hearing from one side—those who'll be helped by adjustment—but, she is ruefully certain, "when the people who'll lose out become more aware of it, they'll get more vocal. And the fact that there'll be two sides pressuring will help take some of the pressure off us." Slater stresses that the decision will be a purely methodological one—based entirely on how much faith the department and the Bureau have in their data. One shouldn't forget, however, that 1980 is an election year.

The Census Bureau's recent troubles have to do with the state of the union: the lack of a consensus, the proliferation of competing constituencies. As Bryant Robey has written, "If political leadership cannot summon the support of the American people as a whole, the result is that it must mediate among the competing claims of different groups for a share of federal benefits.... The focus of debate shifts from those who make the decisions to those who gather the statistics."

Clearly, too much is being asked of the Bureau; its compliant staff has been afforded insufficient protection against America's increasingly insistent demands. The National Academy of Science report found little fault with the Bureau's programs and procedures; most of its recommendations had to do with creating more of them—among other things, a large-scale public-relations operation, teaching census techniques to municipalities and even conducting ethnographic research (into why people resist the census). Cities like New York and organizations like MALDEF have been equally demanding. The trouble with all this is not merely that it goes far beyond the scope of a statistical agency, but that it creates at least as many problems as it solves. As the Bureau spends more and more money, institutes more and more programs, and adds more and more questions to the already unwieldy census form, it will grow increasingly diffuse and unmanageable. And mishaps and controversies such as have marred the last two years will become the norm.

Help may be on the way. As part of President Carter's ongoing executive reorganization program, an independent Office of Statistical Policy will set up shop next spring to coordinate the federal use of statistics and oversee the Census Bureau and other agencies. "It will create a more systematic process for people who want to check with us," says Courtenay Slater. "The OSP will be in a better position to work with programs, agencies, and political pressures—it'll help insulate the Bureau from some of the pressures." It is also devoutly hoped in Commerce and at the Bureau that Congress will end its addiction to lovely gray statistics, and start making more hard decisions on its own.

Whatever happens, though, never again will things at Census be the same as when the Class of 1940 first reported for work. It was like being a professor, without having to worry about academic politics, grants, or unruly students. You were serving your country, too, by doing the thing you liked best—counting people. "It was like working," recalls David Kaplan, "in the best job in the world."

Ben Yagoda has contributed to Esquire, *the* New York Times Book Review *and* American Heritage.

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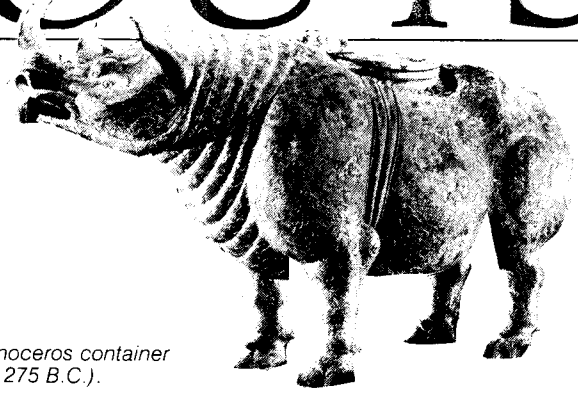
LOOKOUTS

Voulez-Vous Fumer Avec Moi?

Paris, 1927. What a relief to know that amid all the portentous suffering of the Lost Generation something deliciously frivolous was happening: Parisian ladies were beginning to smoke cigarettes. And who could better capture this insouciant little moment in social history than the boulevardier of photographers himself, Jacques-Henri Lartigue? His new collection, *Les Femmes Aux Cigarettes* (Viking), is a playful, debonair album of stage and screen actresses of the Twenties who agreed to pose and puff for him. Among the master's subjects are Josephine Baker and the Dolly Sisters, whom the photographer describes in his engaging introduction as "dragonflies in agitated flight." Viewed through M. Lartigue's affectionate lens, these femmes of 50 years ago still seem as effervescent as champagne, as enticing as a night at Maxim's.

COURTESY OF THE VIKING PRESS

Daring femmes, puffing and posing—the Dolly Sisters and Baker



COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Rhinoceros container (ca. 275 B.C.).

When China Was Bronze

The latest bouquet in the United States' ongoing courtship of China with passionate cultural exchanges is *The Great Bronze Age of China: An Exhibition From the People's Republic of China*, which begins its year-long tour at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York (April 12 to July 9). Appropriately panoramic, the show maps a continent of artistic achievement with 105 pieces of bronze, terra-cotta, and jade that extend through 2,000 years of several pre-Christian dynasties. Much of the art is a glorious shorthand for the civilizations that generated it: Huge bronze vessels testify to the imperial grandeur of the Shang period; delicate figurines and subtly decorative statues recall the later, more sensuously inclined Zhou culture; ritualistic bronzes illuminate the religious ceremonies held throughout the Bronze epoch to appease the gods. Culled from the bulging caches of recent archaeological finds in China, these artifacts are eloquent declarations of the Chinese past and the Chinese soul.

Pop Goes Baryshnikov

Concert pianist José Iturbi played boogie woogie in the movies, Leopold Stokowski shook hands with Mickey Mouse, and now, in the latest merger of serious and popular art, Mikhail Baryshnikov will hoof it down the Great White Way. For ABC's *IBM Presents Baryshnikov on Broadway* (April 24), the distinguished Russian dancer had to forget the lessons of Fokine and Petipa. But only so that he could learn those of Astaire and Kelly in order to dance up the proper storm in "Another Opening of Another Show," "The Surrey With the Fringe on Top," "Give My Regards to Broadway," and several other peaks of the American musical theater.

Fortunately, Baryshnikov has been well served by choreographer Ron Field, who has adroitly retailored the classic showstoppers for "Misha." Cast as Baryshnikov's guide through the brassy new world of strutting and shuffling is Liza Minnelli, who partners Baryshnikov with her usual glow and headlong energy.

A few days later CBS, duelling ABC for the lead in the ratings, will air its own blue-ribbon production, *Haywire*, a video version of Brooke Hayward's story of her tormented Hollywood family, starring Jason Robards and Lee Remick.

MARTHA SWOPE

Misha and Liza "strutting and shuffling" a tune from The Boy Friend.

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ILLUSIONS OF GRANDEUR

by Owen Edwards

Mount Clarence King, Pool, Kings Canyon National Park, *ca. 1925—Relentless optimism.*

THE TOURING exhibition of landscape photographs made by Ansel Adams during the past five and a half decades in the Yosemite Valley is photography's King Tut, a crowd-pleaser that has packed museum galleries in cities across the country. When Adams showed up at a San Francisco bookstore to autograph copies of *Yosemite and the Range of Light* (New York Graphic Society), buyers lined up for three hours to get his signature. In short, Ansel Adams is a phenomenon, a star whose popularity has grown crazily out of proportion to his real importance as a photographer. The magnitude of its glow is so great that it has cast into shadow the most interesting aspects of his work while brightly illuminating much that is bombastic and banal.

On the simplest, most obvious level, Adams is in demand because his pictures are accessible. Like Andrew Wyeth's oil tempera canvases, Adams's impeccably rendered landscapes appeal to those who know little or nothing about the art in question. This accessibility is not to be sneered at; to understand what a powerful appeal it can have, one need only spend a few hours at almost any exhibition devoted to the work of young photographers, so frequently trite and powerless to communicate anything more than confusion. There is nothing wrong with photographs that can be understood, on some level, at first glance. (I would consider them invariably superior to pictures that are intentionally obscure.) But the particular hallmark of great photography is the capacity to grow beyond the impact of a first impression; to unfold, layer after layer, under intellectual and aesthetic scrutiny. Alas, once the majesty of nature is reverently observed and the ability of Adams to enhance it with his formidable technique is properly admired, his pictures appear to have little to disclose.

The more one looks at his grandiose nature studies, the easier it is to suspect that Adams is simply a curiously anomalous figure. He is not just a direct descendant of such 19th-century heroic landscape photographers as William H. Jackson and Eadweard Muybridge, but actually one of them, arguably the best (though a waggish friend of mine calls him "the finest dead photographer alive"). Rather than being part of the evolutionary mainstream of photography, Adams has turned toward the end of a sidetrack that reached its zenith 100 years ago. What sets him apart from his precursors, however—and it is a crucial difference—is intention. The 19th-century landscape photographers faced extraordinary hardships and sent back documents from a raw frontier that most Americans would otherwise never see. Their artistry, often considerable, was meant to make the pictures salable, but essentially their work was journalistic. Aside from a certain amount of commendable propaganda for the Sierra Club, Adams, conversely, has spent his long years in photography creating art. He has dwelled on nature for the same reason Avedon has spent much of his time photographing famous faces—it is the milieu in which he feels most comfortable and is most successful.

But art is not simply a quest to be best. Avedon takes an old form, the portrait, and pushes it into new and unsuspected terrain. Adams takes scenery Americans have seen endlessly replicated, by painters as well as by photographers, and without venturing to do anything new to it, uses his formidable technique to recreate it in the most exquisite possible ways. What results are like dazzling postcards of the gods, but unfortunately they contain the trite old message: Scenery gorgeous, wish you were here.

Since it has filled many books, Adams's technique is surely worth a paragraph, especially when museum direc-

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tors and gallery owners tend to dwell on it rather than tackling awkward discussions of aesthetic content. Light is as intractable for photographers as color is for painters, and unquestionably Adams is one of the most remarkable adepts with light in the history of photography. His vaunted "zone system," a method for exposing film and making prints, is taught almost universally in college courses, and the fine detail that Adams is thus able to render in all the varying areas of shadow and light, from luminous snow to near-black basalt, gives his prints a phenomenal presence. Technique ought never to be more than a tool, however; its importance to the photographer is great, but as a goal in itself it is a trap.

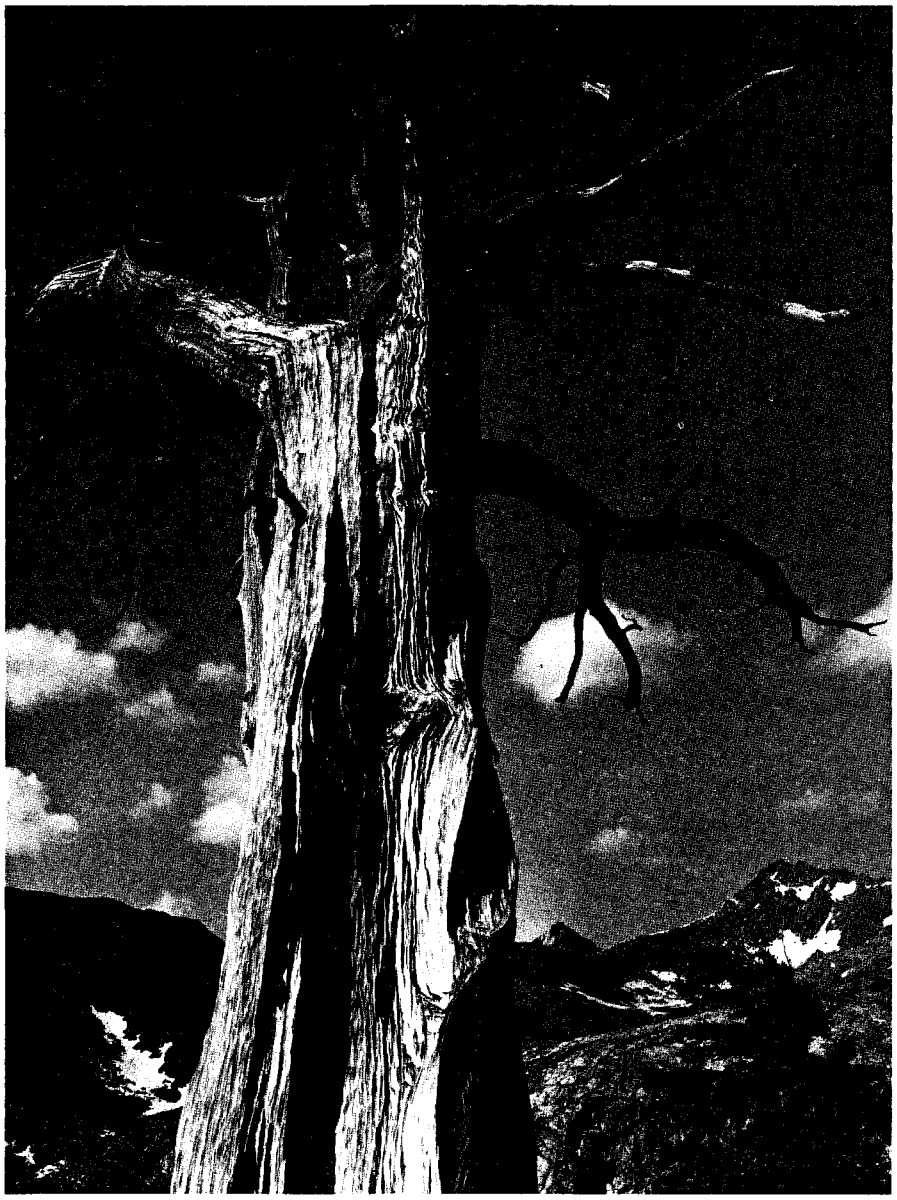
One wonders whether Adams hasn't lost sight of the difficult, elusive search for art when reading a passage like this:

> I was up photographing the church and on the way back I turned around and saw the car and immediately began to visualize the composition, the car and the church, and I knew I had to keep the church on Zone VII½.

The camera is not sublime, it is a machine; photographers cannot be expected to sound like poets. But surely an overconcern with ways and means can dull the poetry of the eye. Although light is the catalyst for mood in photography, Adams allows no modulations away from the basic dramatic lighting that illuminates most of his famous images. Like a careful, well-paid portraitist—a Karsh of Yosemite—Adams keeps the mood relentlessly optimistic. His pictures are, in fact, as close to moodless as any landscape I can think of.

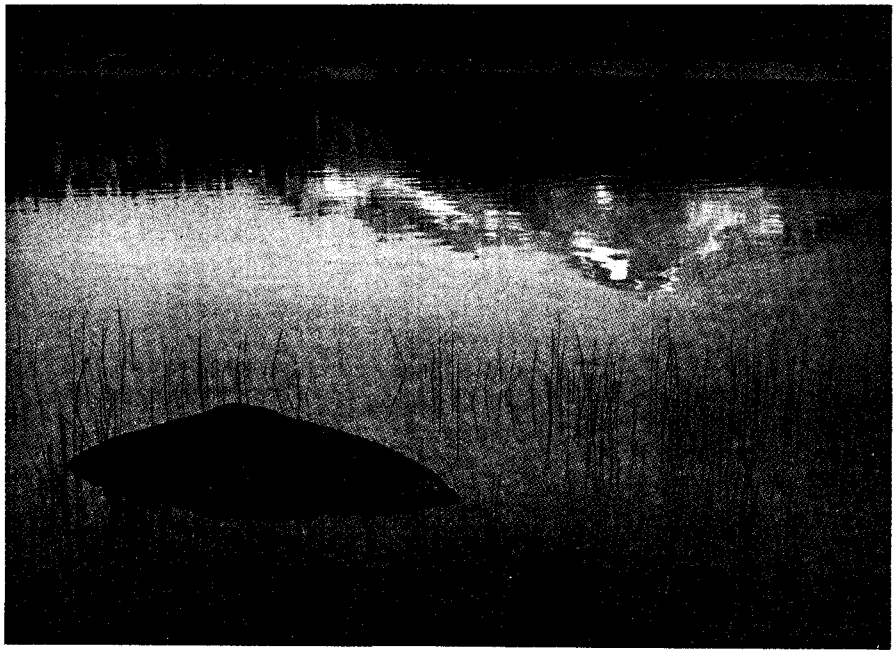
At this moment, whether or not Ansel Adams is an important artist is irrelevant; he is America's photographer laureate. The fact that some years ago Adams hired a public-relations specialist to burnish his image (with startling success!) indicates that his popularity is not likely to decline during his lifetime. But popularity is a hungry creature; to keep it satisfied, you have to keep doing what it wants. If the audience clamors for grandeur, grandeur must be produced. Perhaps it's pointless to speculate, but Adams's output might easily have been far more impressive. He has rare prowess with the camera, and has made, from time to time, wonderfully alluring pictures that meditate on limited subjects, like rocks and reeds in ponds, or trees seen close up, rather than stating the obvious in stentorian tones.

Early in his career, Adams made a choice between photography and music. One wonders what sort of musician he would have been. As it is, he has taken subjects worthy of a Beethoven and played them in the manner of a Dmitri Tiomkin, just to make sure the audience leaves humming the tunes. ◉



COURTESY OF NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY

Dead Tree Near Little Five Lakes, Sequoia National Park, *ca. 1932—Reverent observation.*



Rock and Grass, Moraine Lake, Sequoia National Park, *1933—Shows a rare prowess.*

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The Bad and the Beautiful

IN A SINGLE hour every Thursday evening ABC gives a dramatic demonstration of the sensitive use and the savage devastation of performing talent. *Barney Miller* continues to be one of the most consistently satisfying half hours on television. The principals have developed the kind of symbiosis that happens when good actors play to each other's strengths. Unfortunately, *Barney Miller* is preceded by *Benson*, which represents a waste of acting ability that is close to criminal.

Robert Guillaume is not my absolute favorite performer in the world, but he has demonstrated an ability to handle major roles in everything from serious music to light comedy. Inga Swenson has played the great roles from Desdemona to Liza Doolittle and received rapturous reviews. Lewis J. Stadlen in *The Sunshine Boys* on Broadway put humanity into the kind of part the ancient Greek playwrights used only to announce shipwrecks. Jim Noble has spent a decade or so in top-level rep theaters all over the country. I could think of a half dozen Shakespeare plays I would like to see these actors in, along with French farce, German drama, and just about every American musical comedy since *The Black Crook*. They are performers of enormous skills. If you sat them on folding camp chairs in a rehearsal hall and picked out a play at random, they would give you a first reading with more charm, more humor, and more style than the entire *Benson* series has shown since its inception.

But what are these performers given to do? Noble gets to shamble around the set in perpetual bewilderment as the simpleton governor. Dorothy Parker once panned a Katherine Hepburn performance, saying it ran the gamut of emotions "from A to B"; the creators of *Benson* have given Noble only "A" to work with. As the governor's aide, Stadlen, an actor of swift intelligence, gets lashed into the stock character so beloved by the egalitarians of commercial television who hold that whoever speaks the best English is automatically the worst person. Swenson is an actress of luminous beauty, but her German cook looks like a wigged-out Sig Ruman. The three of them are foils for Guillaume, who plays the butler, Benson, on a single dissonant and extremely unpleasant note. I suppose the comedic theory behind *Benson* is that American guilt over racial matters is so great we love watching a black servant hurl insults at white people for a half hour—especially if he tries to make it all up at the last minute with a little Uncle Remus homily about how we should all try to love one another more.

Linden in the neatly sculpted Barney Miller*; Guillaume in the shallow and false* Benson.

I like insult gags more than I care to admit, but on *Benson* the humor is at about the level of two motorists arguing over a collision. "Don't give me none of your lip," got the biggest laugh of the night on a recent segment. The problem, however, is not just that the jokes are weak. *Benson* is so shallow and false the actors have nothing to work with. The characters have no humanity so relationships between them are impossible. In fact, Benson isn't really a black any more than a painted cast-iron jockey is.

By contrast, *Barney Miller* works beautifully within the limits of the medium. The characters are sketched in the shorthand requirements of a half-hour sitcom. But with proper scripting the form allows great latitude. On a night when *Benson* was stomping its way through a one-point story, *Barney Miller* was presenting a neatly sculpted affair. Without a glimmer of artifice, the stories of a mailman who didn't deliver the mail, the solving of an eight-year-old crime, and a confrontation between Barney, the professional cop, and the stylish Harris, who can barely find time for police work in his busy schedule, mesh as if parts of a well-ordered fugue. Each of the principals brings a particular excellence to his playing. Hal Linden as Barney portrays the qualities needed in a leader. A fair and honorable man, he is lenient with his people but he draws a line he thinks proper and no one may trespass over it. Ron Glass, who plays Harris as a black WASP and the kind of guy who will keep checking to find out where that line is, displays perhaps the slyest wit on commercial television. Steve Landesburg, as the know-it-all Dietrich, saves what could be an irritating part with charming self-deprecation. And Maxwell Gail as Wojehowicz is a marvel to behold; a big, ham-fisted actor with the touch of a jeweler. The scripting gives these performers a chance each week to show us an extension of their characters we had not seen before. And because *Barney Miller* is about people we can believe in and care for, it receives the laughs willingly that *Benson* has to send attendants into the audience with rawhide whips to get.

It is hard to know for certain where the credit for the excellence of *Barney Miller* lies. In different series it can be the producer, the story editor, the stars, or a combination. But somewhere in *Barney Miller* there is obviously an animating spirit that keeps the series fresh and gives performers a chance to delight us with their work. Just as obviously, there is no such spirit at *Benson*.

Several articles about *Benson* have commented that Guillaume is a tiger on the set fighting over scripts. I do not know the details of the situation, but one of two possibilities occurred to me. If Guillaume is fighting against the kind of material *Benson* has been using we can only applaud him and hope he continues the noble struggle. If, however, he is getting the kind of stuff he wants, then Guillaume should keep his mouth shut and stick to his job. Advice I would offer to the loudmouthed Benson in either case. **—Peter Andrews**

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DANCE

Out of Step With the Past?

THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET recently produced a Jerome Robbins ballet long the exclusive property of the rival American Ballet Theatre, a ballet that was almost its signature piece. The Dance Theatre of Harlem has added two 19th-century Russian ballet classics to its repertory. The José Limón Dance Company has augmented its roster of modern works with a dance more than 50 years old, in an outdated style.

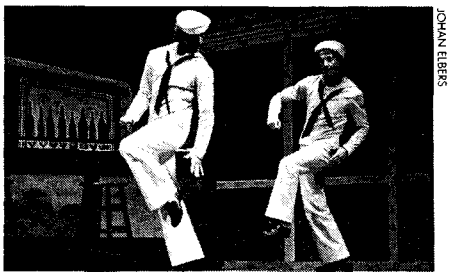
In the not-so-remote American dance past, crossing such stylistic barriers would have been unthinkable. Black dancers excelled at tap, modern dancers would not dream of taking a ballet lesson, and ballet dancers were contemptuous of modern dance. Even within modern dance, a Martha Graham dancer would not expect to do a Doris Humphrey number, and vice versa. In ballet itself, the classical ballerina had no similarity to the dramatic ballerina, and a "Balanchine" dancer, trained to use the body as an instrument in abstract ballets, was worlds away from a "Tudor" or "de Mille" dancer, who combined acting with dance movement.

The extension of repertories to include several techniques and styles of dance is, of course, wholly admirable. But mastering unfamiliar steps and new movements is not enough. This was made abundantly clear at the NYCB's initial performance of Robbins's *Fancy Free* when the first cast, including such talented principals as Peter Martins and Bart Cook, failed to get to the choreographic and dramatic heart of this roistering, rollicking ballet. Martins, Cook, and Jean-Pierre Frohlich as three sailors on shore leave in 1944 were executing ballet steps, with jazzy overtones, but they were not *acting*. One could not believe that the sailors were inseparable friends, that the girls who came by were merely lonesome for male-female companionship, that the barroom duet was not a pas de deux but a stolen moment of lovely proximity in a war-torn, uncertain world.

The dancers in this cast are expert dancers, but their repertory is mostly by George Balanchine, and his creations avoid drama, skip characterization, and skirt sentiment. This is not wrong; it simply represents a different kinetic concentration, but Balanchine dancers who want to succeed in ballets that are alien to their basic styles need to explore the background and even the history of such period masterpieces.

JACK VARTOOGIAN

José Limón dancers in Air for the G String.


JOHAN ELBERS

Martins and Cook in Fancy Free.

The Dance Theatre of Harlem, founded by Arthur Mitchell and co-directed by him and Karel Shook, is the world's first major black classical ballet company. Mitchell, long a principal dancer of great distinction with the New York City Ballet, brought Balanchine ballets with him when he established his troupe. His dancers perform them superbly and they also display skill in ballets with strong modern dance and jazz influences.

But the Harlem dancers' excursion into the Russian ballet classics has hit some snags. The new *Paquita* is an exception. It was excellently danced, for these divertissements, staged by Alexandra Danilova and Frederic Franklin from the old Marius Petipa ballet to music of Minkus, contain no story line, no specific characters, no dramatic situations. It is simply classical ballet with pseudo-Spanish dance stances and Hispanic verve. *Swan Lake* is a different story. The one-act version (actually it is Act II—usually called "the white act" because of its proliferation of swans—of a four-act classic), also staged by Franklin, requires acting competence and with it a facile and elegant application of ballet's archaic but charming mime. Mitchell's dancers are uneasy when asked to engage in century-old courtly flourishes, swanlike metamorphoses of human motion, and an overall quality of movement that is as close to vocal *cantilena* as the body can achieve.

Modern dance, conversely, when it turns to its past, is not in search of stylistic artifice but of organic fundamentals. Graham's basic technique was rooted in the contraction and release of muscles and, hence, the total body struc-

JOHAN ELBERS

Elena Carter, Joseph Wyatt in Paquita *(Dance Theatre of Harlem)—No drama, no trouble.*

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ture; Humphrey's dance grew out of fall-and-recovery responses to the pull of gravity; Charles Weidman extended mime from gesture into a body totality that he called "kinetic pantomime." All pioneering modern dancers exploited the dramatic force of gravity rather than flaunting it with charming insouciance or dazzling virtuosity as ballet does. Thus, today's modern dancer, whose extensive ballet training has become part of a regimen, tends to modify, or even lose, the almost primitive neuromuscular and motor origins of the modern dance of the 1920s and 1930s.

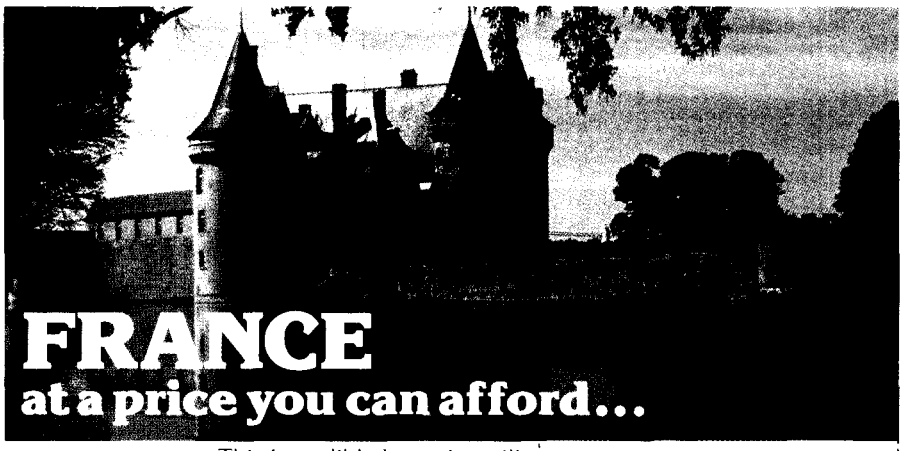
When Graham recently revived her historic *Primitive Mysteries*, it was not easy for today's dancers to recapture the deep, heavy, remorseless tread that the dancers of 1931 brought to it. When Graham speaks, as she has, of "the ancestral footsteps," she wants you to feel them as well as see them. In Humphrey creations, today's dancers too often step lightly through the majestic patterns.

The late José Limón rose to prominence in the Humphrey-Weidman company and subsequently headed his own group with Humphrey as his artistic director and frequent choreographer. The José Limón Dance Company survived the passing of its founder-star in 1972, but its success since then has been checkered. Today, under the direction of one of its principal dancers, Carla Maxwell, it is establishing itself as a contemporary dance company with firm ancestral roots. In a recent New York season, the dancers displayed stylistic authority as well as performing verve in such varied works as Humphrey's *Air for the G String* (1928), Weidman's *Flickers* (1941), and Limón's tribute to Humphrey, *A Choreographic Offering* (1963).

In *Flickers*—directed by Beatrice Seckler of the original cast and supervised by a Weidman specialist, Linda Mann Reed—the Limón dancers have successfully captured that quality of gestural wit that characterized Weidman's kinetic pantomime. These same dancers were equally effective in restoring to dance the serenity and legato plastique of *Air for the G String*, and Limón's tribute to Humphrey gave hearty renascence to the energy that marked the works of American dance pioneers.

In ballet, in modern dance, in ethnic dance forms, and even in show-business dancing, our artists—both dancers and choreographers—are not only pressing on toward new adventures but also seeking to recover and renew masterworks from our dance past. What they must remember is that each masterpiece was born of an era, of a special dance time, and that the style, as well as the step, of a *Fancy Free*, a *Swan Lake*, a *Flickers* must be reborn in them if they are truly to bring the dance back to life.

—Walter Terry



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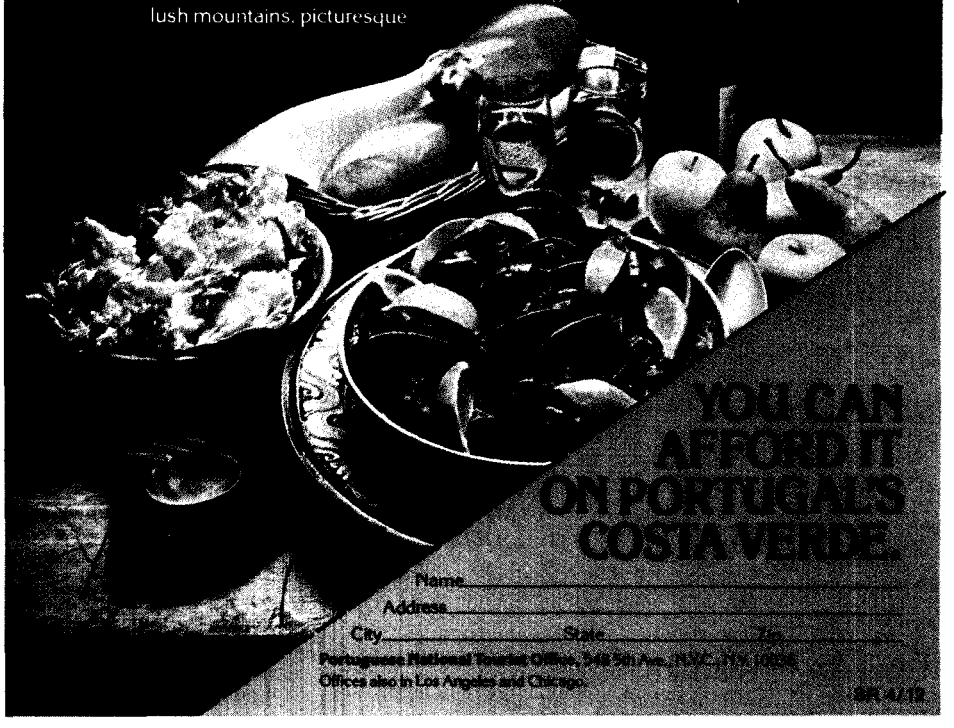

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A Penny for Your Dollar

by Julia Vitullo-Martin

The Fate of the Dollar
by Martin Mayer
Times Books, 376 pp., $15

As always, Martin Mayer tells a good story. This time, it's the story of the dollar, soaring like Icarus through the 1950s, burnt badly by the foolishness of its protectors in the Sixties, and cast down—we do not yet know its final fate—in the Seventies. *The Fate of the Dollar* is a story we should care about, for with our dollar go our personal and corporate fates.

If it is to work, money, the dollar or otherwise, must be dependable, have what economists call a "store of value." That is, a currency must be able to resist the tremors of the world, particularly inflation. If a currency does not store value, if it won't buy as many goods and services tomorrow as it will today, then it loses its very reason for being.

After World War II shattered the European economies, but left America physically intact and with a fully productive industrial economy, everyone wanted dollars. Europeans desperately needed goods from all over the world—Chilean copper, Bolivian tin, Malayan rubber—but they could not import goods with their own currencies because the sellers demanded dollars. The world faced a fearsome dollar shortage.

As the cherished dollar became greatly overvalued in relation to other currencies, Europeans decided they had no choice: In 1949, international trade virtually halted until the European countries bravely devalued their currencies in relation to the dollar. The result was the almost immediate impoverishment of their people (whose currencies bought them very little indeed) but the eventual restoration of their economies. American investors, flush with dollars, bought and built factories; American tourists had a heyday; and American economists congratulated themselves on the permanence of King Dollar.

The permanence was built on seemingly immutable principles:

- America would go on doing what it did best: producing large agricultural surpluses and innovative manufactured goods, which no one else could do. It would always export far more than it would import, because the rest of the world would go on demanding food and technology. Other countries needed the food to feed their bereft people and the technology to rebuild their economies. America did not have to worry that overvaluing the dollar would destroy the market for American goods—the usual punishment for overvaluation—since America had a sort of natural monopoly on food and technology. American goods would be very expensive to those paying with other currencies, and foreign goods very cheap to those paying with dollars. A no-lose game for America.
- But a losing game for everybody else. To ease the gap between what other countries had to pay for American goods and what they got for goods exported to America, America provided aid to poor countries, private loans and investments to industrial countries, and military expenditures to strategic countries.
- As the rest of the world became wealthier—that is, as the dollar policies began to work—the world market for American luxury goods would grow, because sumptuary demand tends to increase with income. But foreigners would still have no improved means of paying for American goods, because America imported mainly staples and raw materials, and its demand for such goods would remain stable. Foreigners had no way out of this economic vise, because as foreign goods improved and competed with American goods, American manufacturers would just produce better and cheaper substitutes, blocking foreigners from an increased share of the American market.
- When the world balanced its books at the end of the year, it would find that American dollars abroad in the form of foreign aid, private investment, and military expenditures would exceed the domestic gap between exports and imports.

Like a gothic heroine, the dollar was betrayed by foolish would-be protectors.

The dollar had replaced gold as the paramount international currency, making America the world's banker. America had short-term cash liabilities (foreigners held dollars) backed by long-term capital assets (loans and investments abroad). But, says Mayer, " ... a bank that funds long-term investments with short-term deposits always bears a risk that depositors will one day run to take their money out." By the 1970s, that's exactly what was happening.

The world had reversed itself, with America's help and to America's detriment: The trade surplus had become a trade deficit; the overvalued dollar had become undervalued in international purchasing power. Rather than supplying capital to the rest of the world to balance the books on an American trade surplus, America had been absorbing capital from the world by selling American lands and buildings, keeping interest rates high, and collecting debt service on previous loans and investments. America's deficit—the only constant, says Mayer, from the glory days—persists, but now the justification is not that America is supporting the development of other economies, but that America is supplying a needed market for their products—the ultimate humiliation. Indeed, the world has so reversed itself that once-rich American cities, like New York, are now advertising themselves in foreign business magazines just as underdeveloped countries, like Malaysia, advertise in *Fortune*.

How this transformation of the dollar occurred is the story of Mayer's excellent, and occasionally savage, book. First, Mayer thinks the dollar was probably given an impossible task: serving as *the* international reserve currency. This required America to feed out dollars through its payments deficit to keep international trade oiled with plenty of cash. But insofar as the yeoman dollar

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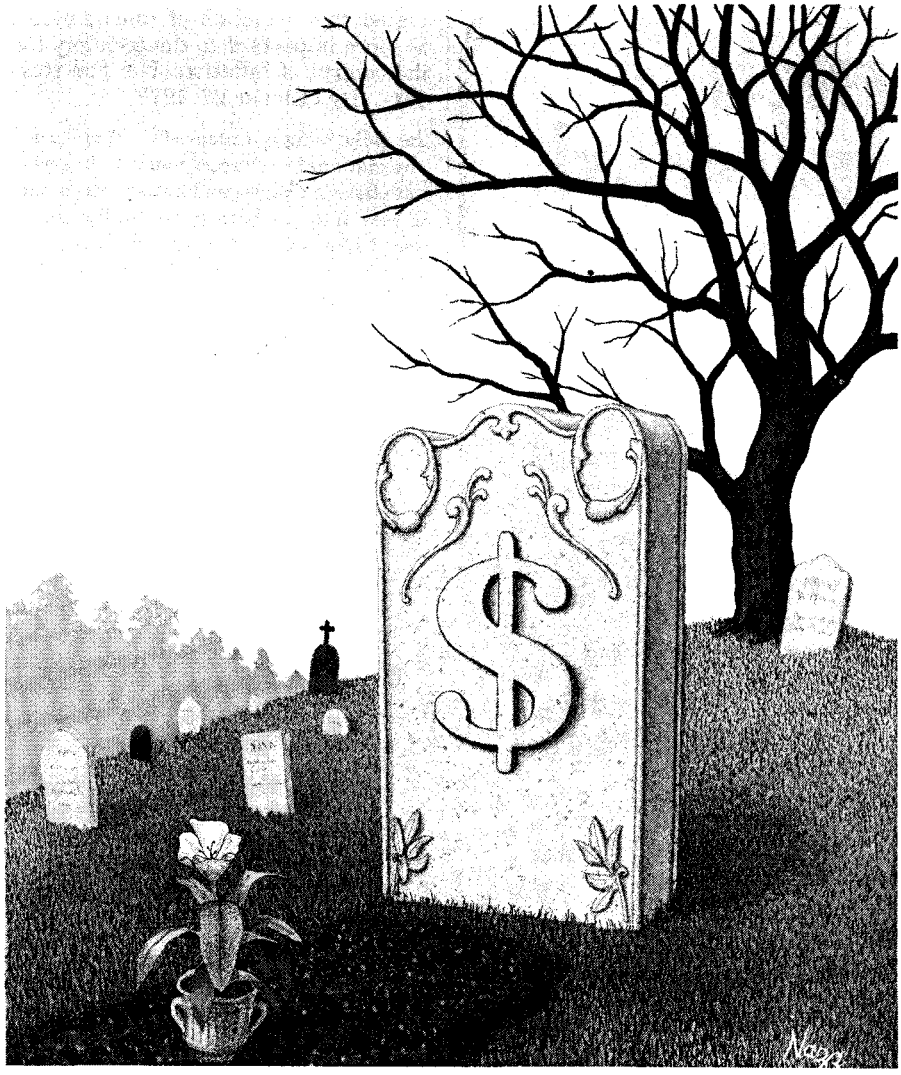

continued supplying the world with both liquidity and reserves, it glutted itself. At the end of World War II, every merchant and manufacturer wanted dollars; by 1970, every merchant had dollars, but no longer wanted them. Meanwhile, no European currency stepped forward as a reserve currency. European countries had created the unregulated eurodollar market, which provided Europeans with "easy, inexpensive access to the biggest, most efficient, and most honest capital market in the world." While the dollar itself was weakening, undermining both the American economy and the confidence of the rest of the world in American strength, it continued to grease international commerce.

But second, like a gothic heroine, the dollar was all too often betrayed by foolish, selfish, would-be protectors—abandoned in its time of trouble by former suitors, and ravished by lustful strangers. Of all these assailants, none brings down the wrath of Mayer more than President Carter and his advisers. Previous presidents are dealt with under such relatively benign headings as Eisenhower's Conservatives, Kennedy's Improvisers, Johnson's Warriors, Nixon's Nationalists, and Ford's Ideologues. President Carter, however, is treated to Carter's Incompetents.

And what incompetence it was:

> The policies actually adopted in the international arena were not unlike those of the first Nixon administration—but without the understanding that they invited a crisis in the monetary system and without any plans to manage the crisis when it came.
>
> After 20 months of inflationary actions deeply damaging to both the domestic economy and the exchange value of the dollar, the Carter White House in the fall of 1978 reversed the thrust of its policies, but was unable to explain to politically significant supporters—indeed, to itself—the necessity for the change.

Harsh as this judgment is, Mayer does not understate the awesome problems that faced the early Carter administration: So long as OPEC was piling up massive surpluses, the rest of the world—including the United States—had to divide up the deficits. On top of this, President Ford had left behind a huge deficit for 1977. Carter didn't want to deal with that problem in his first year, so he just increased the deficit.

These deficits reinforced the destructive trade patterns established long before Carter: America imported far more than it exported, closing the gap somewhat with earnings on investments, services, and loans; the exported dollars were converted to local currencies at market—usually unfavorable—rates; foreign banks, bulging with dollars, bought U.S. Treasury paper, financing the federal deficit.

Within this triangle, some parties behaved well, some badly. America generally behaved badly. Mayer argues that even as the dollar was sinking like a stone, Carter policies not only encouraged Americans to consume more than the value of American production justified, but Carter himself lectured the rest of the world on its political, economic, and moral misbehavior. America's allies were very irritated and Mayer likens their reactions to Chesterton's complaint about similar self-righteous attitudes in the 1920s: "I do not mind the swindle, but I do not like the swank."

Nonetheless, Carter swanked on. By the fourth quarter of 1977, the American money supply was expanding at the fastest rate since 1972; the federal deficit was projected to be a stunning $10 billion more than the year before; interest rates were being kept down by White House pressure on the Fed; the trade deficit was larger than ever and growing. By the end of 1977, the dollar dropped "virtually free fall," says Mayer.

In response, Carter took the ludicrous step, in his own words, of "injecting new purchasing power into the economy through a major tax cut, reducing unemployment, and bringing inflation under control." Of course, new purchasing power would do just the opposite. His Council of Economic Advisers admonished the Fed for its "unsettling" increase in short-term interest rates and urged permitting the money supply to grow more rapidly—revealing just how little it understood the grave problems that lay ahead.

Mayer writes mercilessly about the insanity of these policies:

> [The Carter administration] was building into the federal budget new expenditures (many of them "uncontrollable" in later years) to be funded by foreigners out of the excess dollars they received from the U.S. payments deficit. If and when that deficit was reduced or eliminated (which was the administration's stated goal), these expenditures would have to be financed by higher taxes, which the public was unwilling to pay, or by the hidden tax of rising inflation.

Carter continued his feckless game into 1978. He encouraged Congress to proceed with its tax cut—even though increased purchasing power was the last thing the country needed. He supported the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, which stip-

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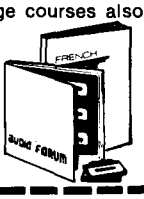

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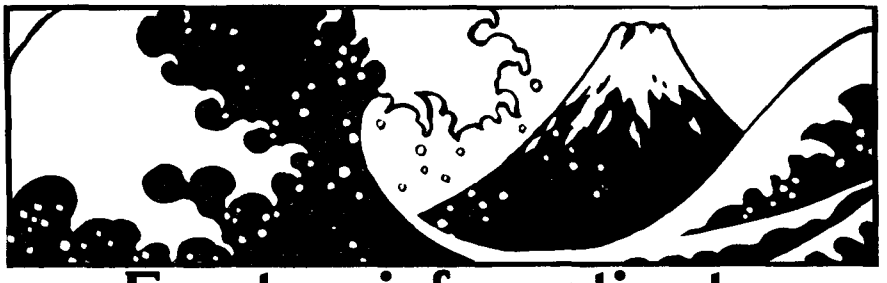

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ulated the reduction of unemployment as more important to the economy than the control of inflation. The Fed stayed quiet. By October 27, 1978,

> the dollar simply collapsed .... There *was* no international exchange market: Everybody was offering dollars, and nobody was bidding. In New York, the branches of the Swiss banks were borrowing their petty cash needs every morning rather than risk going to bed at night holding dollars.

The only benefit of this unprecedented debacle was that the Carter administration panicked into action, including the one percentage point rise in the Fed's discount rate. Not since the Depression had the discount rate gone up a full point in one step. And *never* had an announcement about the rate been made by the President rather than by the Fed itself. But the trouble in the economy was too deep. By mid-1979, Carter was chagrined enough to make the one move that wins Mayer's unmitigated praise: the appointment of New York Federal Reserve Bank President Paul Volcker as chairman of the Federal Reserve System. "Rarely," sings Mayer,

> can a man have been worth so much cash money to his country as Paul Volcker was in the first week after his appointment. Down more than 6 percent against the mark since the beginning of June, the dollar regained nearly half of its losses in the last week of July, and $7 billion of Treasury paper was sold at an interest rate at least ¼ of 1 percent lower than would have been required in the absence of this appointment.

However valiant, Volcker is fighting for what Mayer sees as a fundamentally flawed system whose center—the dollar—can no longer hold. The system demands a constant war between the investor's preference for a strong currency to maintain its long-term value and the world's utilitarian preference for the dollar as the currency most easily used for today's international transactions. The value of the dollar cannot endure so long as dollars must be plentiful throughout the world. And as long as the dollar is the world's reserve currency, instability in America sends tremors to the ends of the earth. Mayer warns that if America continues its huge deficits—and it's better than even money that it will—the world monetary system may not be able to withstand the strains.

What a story! Mayer has told it well. As America prepares for the coming presidential elections, will it heed the lessons of the decimated dollar? Probably not. We are a society of debtors, of easy-money junkies. Having written a scathing attack on American monetary policy and societal self-indulgence, Mayer somehow manages to end his book on the note that with a few of his proposed changes, the dollar can be

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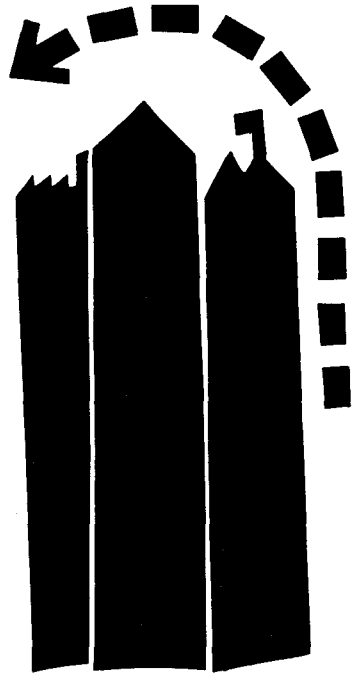

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made sound again. I, for one, think this book would have been more accurately entitled *The Death of the Dollar.*

Julia Vitullo-Martin is president of Metroconomy Inc., a nonprofit financial consulting firm.

His Mother, His Self

Mother and Son
by Jeremy Seabrook
Pantheon, 189 pp., $8.95
Reviewed by
Lynne Sharon Schwartz

JEREMY SEABROOK'S sharp-edged chronicle of his life up to early adolescence calls to mind 19th-century European novels of relentless and minute psychological analysis, painful and riveting. "I am a sick man. I am a spiteful man. I am an unattractive man," begins Dostoyevsky's narrator in *Notes From the Underground.* So might Seabrook describe his young self, a self circumscribed and inspirited by a "haunted and obsessive" relationship with his mother. Not until his mid-thirties, he tells us, did he emerge, thankfully, from the dim underground through "a first, and only, relationship... with another adult."

The setting is Northampton, a boot and shoe manufacturing town in the English Midlands; the time is World War II and the decade following, when Seabrook's working-class family, along with the rest of England, underwent a sudden shift from the old ethic of "work, poverty and suffering." The stable society of rigid customs, with its faith in family ties and the beneficence of education, becomes a consumer culture in which the restive vainly seek happiness through material acquisition, in a climate of unsettling fluidity and faltering values.

Seabrook has already written of this and attendant postwar shifts in *The Everlasting Feast* and *The Unprivileged,* penetrating works that document social change with evidence from the lives of the author's own family, neighbors, and townspeople. But in *Mother and Son,* which might be seen as a continuation of the sociological studies, the focus has sharpened and narrowed: The universe of the child, grotesquely enlarged, contains only two significant figures—everything else is background, barely impinging on the boy's imprisoned spirit. The all-knowing and all-powerful mother, brooding and wretchedly disappointed in marriage, is morbidly overprotective of her twin sons, regulating every aspect of their lives, from food (unappetizing), clothing (hideous and constricting), and sleeping habits to rela-

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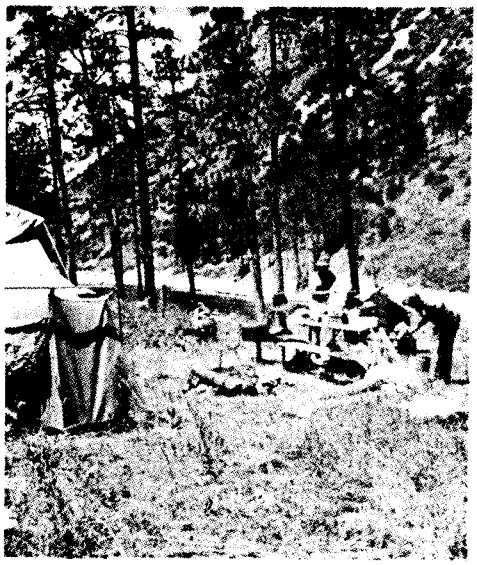

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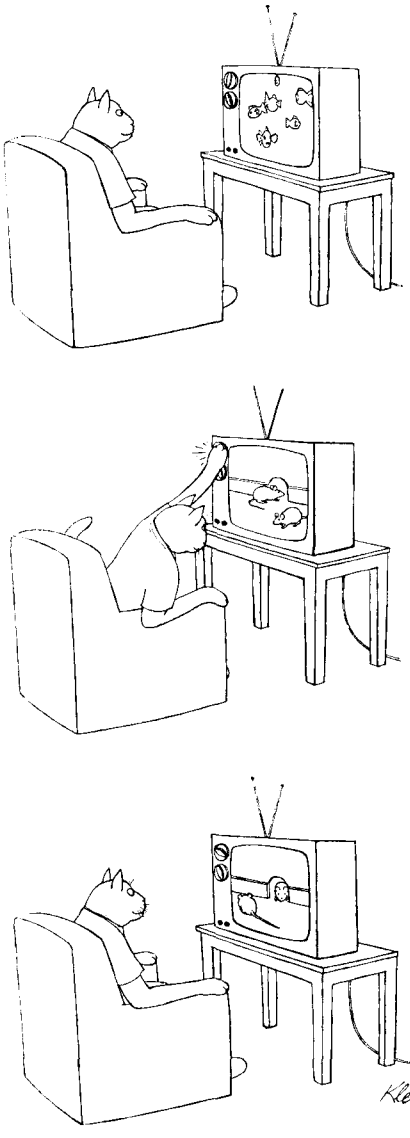
tions with the outside world (kept to a minimum). Seabrook lacked even the consolation of his twin brother. Early on, he claims, his mother prophetically ascribed to the boys opposite and complementary qualities that divided them and ensured her total dominion over each. As a result their lives diverged widely, and to this day, between infrequent and uneasy meetings, there persists "an ache and an absence."

"Our senses and judgment were always modified by a vision that was not our own." Actually this is the situation of all young children raised in small nuclear families—adulthood, unremarkably, is the passage outward to independent experience and judgment. Yet for Seabrook the mother's exaggerated power was compounded by her immense indulgence of his inevitable neurotic frenzies and compulsive habits. "She alone in the world did not reject me, whatever the deformities and uglinesses with which I was burdened." An archetypal situation develops: Isolated and trapped in dependency, straining to please and placate the frustrated mother, the boy suffers torments of guilt for his failure at that impossible task. He is haunted by the dread of losing her, until at last he sees himself "in the guise of a man, but inhabited ... by the spirit and soul of a woman, my mother."



Interwoven in this unsparing tale are the daily life of the town passing through his mother's butcher shop; the extended family of aunts and uncles; the "erratic and unwelcome presence" of his unreliable, infantile father; the agonies, for a withdrawn, precocious boy, of schoolmates who maintain a "refined and brutal hierarchy of strength, beauty and age." All is narrated with the fluency of a natural writer who, however emotionally stifled, kept a keen eye for the details of local landscape. The tone strives—perhaps too hard—to be fair-minded and unresentful. Although Seabrook acknowledges that his mother's excesses were the desperate outcroppings of her own privation, his sympathy is tinged, understandably, by bitterness. A chilly precision in describing the bonds of love renders his ambivalent feelings far better than the occasionally distracting passages of explication.

At a time when "confessional" literature has been dominated by women deploring the warping power of men, it is pertinent to hear a voice with a contrary story. An author's private feelings and memories cannot be disputed, especially when presented so authentically. However, one must question rather unlikely interpretations. For example, in a revitalized postwar capitalism, Seabrook says:

> Denial, privation and punishment were yielding to concern and giving. It was from this process that women took their significance. They were its agents....they were carrying out the changes which capitalism required for its survival.

Thus his mother becomes not only a "defector from a tradition," but "the symbol of caring society."

The notion of mothers as capitalist agents may come as a surprise to women of whatever generation or political persuasion. Did the power of men really "fall into abeyance," to be replaced by "the power of women, the oppressive, inescapable concern?" The "caring society," whose insidious motives Seabrook rightly suspects, is what social thinkers usually call paternalism. The system that cedes the power over young children to women, leaving men free to maneuver in the larger arena, is what feminists call patriarchy.

The destiny of Seabrook's quasi-demonic mother, born poor and female in a family of 14, was stunted from infancy; thwarted women have always been damaging mothers, long before the economic vagaries of the 1940s. It is curious, with his penchant for linking social and personal dynamics, that Seabrook should invoke for his mother and women like her the most stern and broad societal judgments, yet for his father, the true defector in every sense, harbor merely a scant, private contempt.

Lynne Sharon Schwartz's novel, Rough Strife, *will be published by Harper & Row this June.*

Books in Brief

Decade of Decision
by Michael Harrington
Simon & Schuster, 354 pp., $11.95

THE 1980S will mark an epoch in American history more dramatic than any since the Great Depression. Or so Michael Harrington believes. For the old assumptions and practices of American economic life have gone bankrupt amid the economic instability and chronic *stagflation*—i.e., sluggish productivity and high unemployment alongside soaring inflation—of recent years. Solutions to these problems have eluded us, he says, because we have sought causes only in unique circumstances (high energy costs, ill-advised policies, excessive federal spending) when the actual culprit is the capitalist system itself, now locked in one of its most severe bouts with chaos.

If this sounds like simplistic Marxism, don't be fooled. Harrington's judgments are seldom simplistic and never blind to the complexities of experience. Thus his enemy is not just private capital, but the intricate network of public and private interests that promote the sanctity of profits and perpetuate social injustice and economic disorder.

In the place of these interests, so hurtful to practically everyone in the long run and ruinous immediately to cities and the poor, Harrington proposes a systematic national policy of "planned growth on a human scale," rooted in democratic organization and full employment. And to achieve this policy, or "vision," as the idealist in him likes to say, Harrington urges the political consolidation and ascendency of those who suffer most from the chaos: the lower and middle classes. Although Harrington may not succeed in rallying this "new class" to the banner of his "democratic socialism," his lucid and learned polemical essay gives substance to our discontents and cause to wonder where those discontents will lead us in the Eighties and beyond.—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

The Salt Eaters
by Toni Cade Bambara
Random House, 295 pp., $9.95

DURING 10 MINUTES of faith healing, Velma Henry sheds her death-wish cocoon and accepts the weight of being

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whole. A near suicide, she sits on a hard stool in an ex-pimp's ghetto infirmary as a spinster in hot pink leads her through "rites of good riddance." Laying hands upon her, the spiritualist clears the channels as lover, husband, orgone box partner, health-club masseuse, therapist, child, and friends could not.

In the southern city of Clayborne at carnival time, people central to the black heroine's life converge: an estranged spouse; a solicitous older sister, singer in a provocatively T-shirted troop known as Seven Sisters of the Grain; a tired gang of companions in political limbo, suffering from the splintering of the movement ("Malcolm gone, King gone, Fanni Lou gone, Angela quiet .... Everybody off into the Mahjaraji This and the Right Reverend That..."); and a balding godmother who is wise to the value of tears.

Bambara backs readers into the eye of a hurricane and then releases them, along with her troubled protagonist, as the contaminated clouds burst. The ominous downpour is the plot's core event and metaphor; the book is heavy on atmosphere and thin on action. But that bias seems appropriate to the characters' pillar-of-salt paralysis in which memory of past violence numbs the present and urges fear of the future.

Details are microcosmic: The souring of a marriage is reflected in a table setting, and feminism of the Sixties is wryly summed up in the scratchiness of rally flyers doubling as sanitary napkins. Words take on a driving beat, and push home with humor and the message: "Doan letcha mouf gitcha in what ya backbone caint stand."

This first novel has spine. Its creator displays tragicomic skills as versatile and subtle as the difference between a squat and an elegant demi-plié.

—LAURA GERINGER

Behind Closed Doors: Violence in the American Family
by Murray A. Straus, Richard J. Gelles, and Suzanne K. Steinmetz
Anchor/Doubleday, 301 pp., $10.95

READERS FAMILIAR with the statistics on child abuse and wife-beating will find few surprises in "the first comprehensive national study of violence in the American family"—if they can slog through the morass of clunky and repetitious sociologese. A few exceptions: Screaming fights don't substitute for physical ones; sibling violence is lowest in black families, and the proportion of parental violence among blacks and whites is equal; children learn to be abusive from the violent parent of the same sex; child abuse and wife abuse are lowest among Jews, but Jewish women are twice as likely as Protestant women to strike their husbands.

Whether these data are accurate or have the meaning the authors suggest, though, is questionable, because their constricted and murky definitions of and attitudes toward violence repeatedly oversimplify and distort issues. The authors define violent acts as those committed with "the intention ... of causing physical pain" and those that have "a very high probability of causing injury" but don't mention—and don't explain the exclusion of—incest, sadomasochism, or other forms of erotic violence. They consider all acts fitting into their category unequivocally bad, and so slaps are linked on a continuum to stabbings. The term "husband abuse" is used throughout the book as if the problem were as serious as—and therefore interchangeable with—wife-beating. And although early on the authors make the point that women cause relatively little lasting damage to men, and late in the book, that men cause enough harm to women to warrant a national network of battered-wife shelters, the writers' irresponsible phrasing causes these points to be very nearly lost.

Violence in the family is indisputably pervasive and ugly, but its nature needs more careful analysis. —LAURIE STONE

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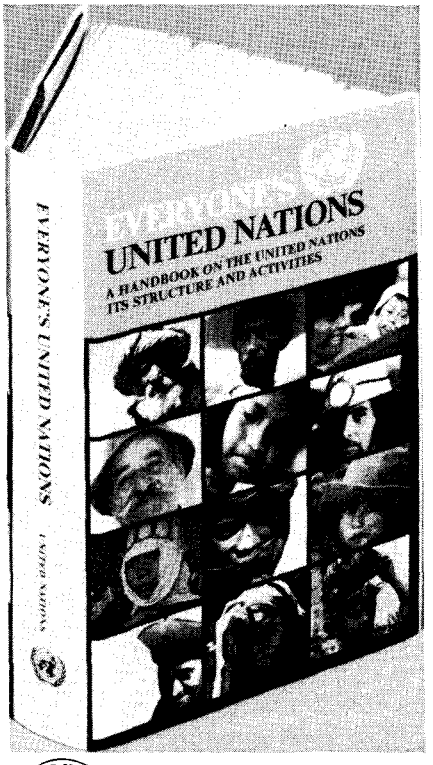

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Baseball by Computer

MINDFUL OF spring and the advent of a new baseball season, I've been spending lunch hours recently with David Baker, president of MPT Associates, a Manhattan institutional investment firm. In addition to managing portfolios, Baker is a potential major-league franchise owner, and a unique one at that. He is the leading disciple of Earnshaw Cook, that genius of baseball mathematics, who 15 years ago published a pioneering computer analysis of the national pastime entitled *Percentage Baseball*. By applying elementary probability theory, Cook declared, any major-league manager could add 273 runs to his team's season total and thereby lift a last-place club into the first division or make a divisional champ of any legitimate contender. Cook, a metallurgist now retired in Baltimore, fed more than 750,000 statistics from some 12,000 major-league games into his data processor. A click, a whir, a cadenza of rollers, and the machine gave birth to Cookian baseball strategy.

Eliminate the sacrifice bunt. Employ the hit-and-run instead. Scrap the intentional walk. Put the steal on with no outs, never with two outs. Platoon pitchers so that the "starter" pitches the middle five innings with relievers opening and closing the contest. Never let a pitcher bat for himself without a comfortable lead. Finally, arrange the lineup in descending order of batting average, which will bring the first (and most productive) batter to the plate on 144 more occasions than the ninth hitter over the course of the season. "Rather than conventional, unsupported opinions," wrote Earnshaw Cook, "these [stratagems] rely upon carefully validated mathematical calculations that are not vulnerable to reasonable disagreement nor refutation."

At the time *Percentage Baseball* first appeared, of course, many major-league managers had not yet finished their doctoral dissertations and were therefore unprepared to refute Cook by reasonable disagreement. Actually, most managers get stuck for the next number once they've run out of fingers. The inimitable Casey Stengel spent a good deal of time shuffling his lineup to get as many lefties batting against righties, and vice versa; the wily Earl Weaver keeps a pack of index cards, tracking how particular batters do against particular pitchers. Chuck Tanner manipulates his bullpen like a lever; Whitey Herzog uses the hit and run, and the stolen base. But probability theory? Not bloody likely, mate. Several inquiries among managers about Cook and his work elicited responses that are unprintable but may be generally characterized as the kind of answers that come wrapped in a wet gob of chewing tobacco juice.

Once in the Tri-City of Philip Roth's *Great American Novel*, a seven-year-old Cookian prodigy named Isaac Ellis told the players on his father's ball team, "Your conclusions are based on nothing but traditional misconceptions; mine are developed from the two fundamental theorems of the laws of chance, proposed by Pascal in the 17th century. Now, if you will agree to be patient, I am willing to try once again ...."

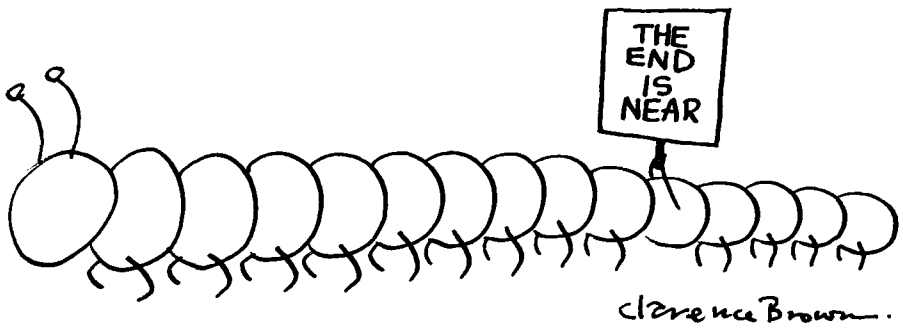
"Well, we ain't!" the players replied. "Get lost, quiz kid! This is a game for men, not boys!"

If David Baker is a boy, that identity is well hidden within a portly, red-eared, middle-aged executive. Baker is convinced that baseball is too big a business to remain captive to managerial ignorance much longer. He believes with factual fervor that the march of Cookianism out of the computer room and onto the diamond is inevitable. And Baker has the statistics to back up his contention. "There's a marginal million fans between a winner and a loser," he explained one day over quiche and beer. "Your typical tail-end ball club draws around 800,000 fans per season, and loses $2 million. A winning club averages around $1.8 million, with $1.3 to $1.6 million the break-even point. Just by plugging in Cook's strategies, you improve the team's performance by 18 games in the standings. At an average earnings of $4 per fan, that works out to a profit of $1.5 to $2 million, or, put another way, a $4 million turnaround."

David Baker is interested in economic return, which may make him unique among a new generation of Cookians, who seek only their own entertainment on the IBM terminal after the market closes or the lab shuts down for the night. "When I first started fooling around with this stuff five years ago, I was with the Boston Company," says Baker. "Some of the guys would go down to the computer room during lunch hour and play around with baseball problems, like finding out exactly what the outcome would be in the league standings if Luis Tiant were traded.

"Baseball problems are simple for computers to handle, once you've got the formula worked out. What you're getting now are sophisticated computer experts, technicians, and professionals refining Cook's work. For example, there's an organic chemist whose thing is comparing the productivity of minor league pitcher A at Evansville to pitcher B at Wichita—to the sixth decimal point. And an engineer at Bell Labs whose specialty is predicting how often the runner will advance on a ground out. Personally, I'm a synthesizer. I don't care how rookies are doing in the Texas Instructional League. What I want to know is why major-league owners are pissing away a million dollars a year."

Baker's first research project into the profligacy of baseball owners began in 1978, when he undertook a thorough Cookian analysis of why Chicago Cub pitchers fare so poorly year after year. The Cubs' front office has always pointed to Wrigley Field's readily reachable outfield walls. (According to



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orthodox Cook theory, that was a mistake to begin with, because a mathematical relationship exists only between home-run production and total park acreage, not field dimensions.) Nevertheless, Baker made equivalency studies for 18-year-old starting pitchers in the Cubs' farm system and a control group from the farm systems of the Royals, Reds, Dodgers, Red Sox, and Phillies. He found that all the pitchers had about the same level of effectiveness at the rookie league level. But by Triple A level, batters were collectively hitting .265 against pitchers from the control group, and .320 against the Cub hurlers. Run production, it turned out, was 37 percent greater against the Cub minor leaguers. Thirty-seven percent—there it was in plain fortran!

"As you tracked through the Cubs' farm system, the level of pitching deteriorated," says Baker. "It didn't have anything to do with Wrigley Field. They just couldn't develop pitchers. The coaching system was fraught with cronyism." Baker immediately wrote to Cub owner Phil Wrigley, explaining his research and suggesting remedial action. Silence still emanates from the Windy City.

Baker next took off after the San Francisco Giants, perennial cave-in artists of the National League West. Stretching the frontiers of Cook's theory, Baker sought to construct that one, single, perfect, elusive statistic by which he could measure the contribution of one player against another. By convention, ballplayers are judged on batting average, home runs, and RBIs. If you start with the simple premise that the team scoring the most runs wins the most games, it becomes obvious how far short the conventional standards fall. What you need is a statistic that tells you the chances of a run scoring every time a particular player comes to the plate. "Cook called it a scoring index," notes Baker. "I prefer the simpler concept of annual runs per player. How productive is this center fielder compared to all other center fielders?" Whipping out his calculator and yellow pad, Baker demonstrated the formula:

Annual runs per player = odds batter will reach base × odds batter will advance the runner × total at bats

With his new equation, Baker had the tool to evaluate every player-personnel decision Giant General Manager Spec Richardson had made since 1966. Which is exactly what he did. By the time the computer cooled down, Baker had a new triumph of Cookian analysis: Beyond doubt, the Giants were digging their way to the cellar by dealing away their most productive players. "Take the [Bill] Madlock trade to Pittsburgh," says Baker, pursing thin lips in disapproval. "The first two months of '78, Madlock was batting .165. Richardson wanted to get rid of him, thought he was getting old. Now the first mistake is thinking a ballplayer gets less productive as he gets older. Not true. If you look at all ballplayers and plot their annual run production against their age, there's absolutely no correlation. Instead of a gradual descending curve of productivity, the graph shows a straight line up to a certain point, then a sharp plunge.

"Madlock is a fantastically productive hitter compared to all other second basemen. Over the course of a full season, he may be worth—off the top of my head—100 runs, compared to 80 for the average second baseman. Yet the Giants traded him last year. On a Cook basis, for the half season Madlock spent with the Pirates, he added five games to their win expectation. That was enough to take the Pirates over the top. Did Spec Richardson just make a mistake? It's simple probability."

After a series of meetings between Baker and Giants owner Bob Lurie, Spec Richardson still had his job, and Baker flew back to New York with his computer cards. He'd discovered that baseball owners are more affluent than the managers they hire and fire with such impunity, but are not much more savvy. Very few owners, after all, want much more than to see their names in the dailies, attend glamorous luncheons, and rub elbows with the likes of Pete Rose and Steve Garvey. Such owners are called ego-trippers and jock-sniffers in baseball parlance. There are also the guys looking for tax write-offs.

Yet the chances are more than slight that the dawn of the Cookian age comes creeping. Finished for now with his theoretical work, David Baker has been forming and reforming an investors' group to purchase a major-league franchise and manage it along Cookian lines. He has the money men. He's found Pat McKernan, a baseball "ops" man, currently GM of the Albuquerque Dukes, who is willing to give Cookianism its first test in the Bigs. Now all that remains is to find the right property. So far, Baker's Cookians have put in bids for the Giants, the Cleveland Indians, and the Atlanta Braves. They also came within $1 million of taking over the Chicago White Sox. Rumors circulate that the Seattle, Texas, and Cincinnati clubs are on the block. Will we see the Seattle Stats? The Texas Tenths? The Cincinnati Cybernetics?

"To succeed," David Baker concludes, "is to compound the benefits of many small factors that taken singly are insignificant, but taken together make a major difference." Leave us only add that the Sum City Cookians, wherever and whenever they come to be, will wear their numbers proudly—though not necessarily on the backs of their uniforms.

—Jonathan Evan Maslow

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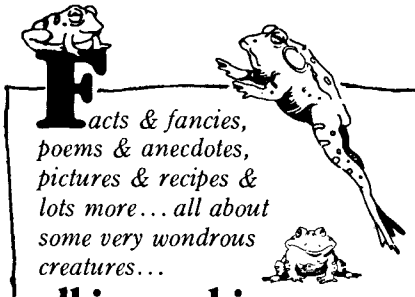

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Tools for Living is an attempt to cut through the proliferation of products and bring unusually worthy values to your attention. Our items are not selected by an organized process. We've simply asked some friends to scout their areas of the country for well-designed items of honest usefulness that do what they say they will do—and at reasonable cost. We offer a mail-order service because many people find it easier to shop that way. Some of these items can be found in local stores. Wherever you buy, we trust you will find the information here helpful.

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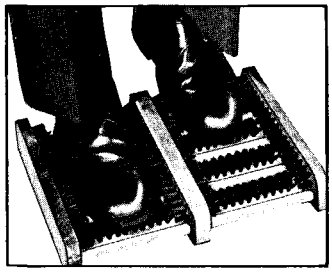
GREEN-THUMB FUN

Books about house plants are sometimes insufferably arch, disregarding the fact that people may have other things to do than look after their plants—"Why, of course, if you don't mist your *dizygotheca* three times a day the leaves are going to drop." But now there's a plant book for all the rest of us who can barely keep up with the watering and have no time to whisper sweet nothings to the woe-begone *episcia*. *The Good-Humored Gardener* is a collection of cartoon/advice strips that originally appeared in a Dutch newspaper. Later, when the collection became available in book form, it rapidly became a best seller in Holland. The format is whimsical but the information is practical and down-to-earth. Wonderful drawings combine with the words to cram a maximum of sense into a minimum of space. Everything is clear beyond confusion. There is advice on how to keep cut flowers fresh and—practicality of practicalities—information on how to organize your plants so you can go away for 2-4 weeks without returning to greenery gone brown. *The Good-Humored Gardener* is available for $10.00 postpaid. Its unusual 14″ x 5″ format makes the book a nice gift and because it doesn't ignore the basics (like re-potting) it is perfect for someone just starting out with plants. While most plant books make you feel guilty, this one will bring a few smiles of recognition and relief. (SRA120)

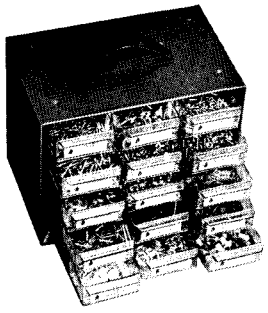
STAND-UP SHOE CLEANER

Spring showers may be great for the flowers but they are pretty tough on the shoes, which get mucked up when *terra firma* becomes *terra muddy*. This brush mat is the best design we've seen yet for coping with muddy and dirty shoes. Twelve sets of nylon brushes clean the bottoms and sides of your shoes at the same time. The hardwood frame is slotted on the bottom, so the dirt drops through and doesn't collect the way it does with a mat. Lastly, the brush mat is secured by your own weight as you stand on it—no need to attach it to anything or nail it down. This shoe cleaner is functional, sturdy and attractive in a bristly sort of way. It measures approximately 14″ by 11″. The brush mats cost $12.50 each postpaid (or 2 for $21.50, if you want coverage front door and back). Your shoes will love it—and your back will too, with no more vacuuming or mopping up muddy footsteps. (SRA125)



ON BEING PREPARED

Have you ever come home with an assemble-it-yourself purchase only to discover that the packers have short-counted and you can't finish until you locate two more matching screws? Or have you gone to hang a picture, put up a shelf, replace a nut, tack a carpet, secure a cord or repair something around the house only to find that first you had to run off to the hardware store to get the appropriate fasteners (assuming, that is, it's a day and hour when the stores are open). Well, *Tools for Living* has arranged a way for any homeowner or apartment-dweller to be prepared to fasten practically anything, anywhere, anytime with a minimum of fuss and no running around. This bulk order of fasteners includes 1500 pieces, from push pins to upholstery tacks to screw anchors to wood, machine and sheet metal screws in a variety of sizes. To hold the collection, there is a 15-drawer portable steel cabinet (6″ deep x 8″ high x 10″ wide). The clear plastic drawers are spill-proof with adjustable dividers and labels. The complete kit costs $13.00 + 2.50 shipping. Not only is that a lot cheaper than these items would cost individually in small quantities, but there is an extra bonus in the gas saved from not running around to find what you need at the last minute. The friend who brought this kit to our attention says, "It's kind of like having an insurance policy against wasted time." We think anyone who owns a hammer and screwdriver and wrench will find it a true convenience. (SRA123)



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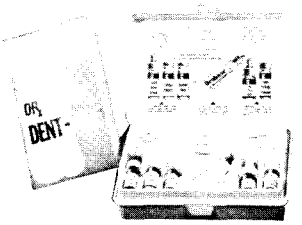
DENTAL FIRST-AID

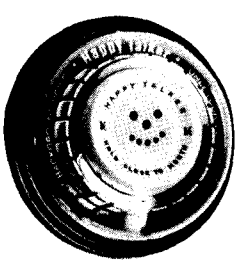
Most toothaches seem to occur in the evening. No one is quite sure why this is so, though it may be that as the day's activities wind down dental pain gradually moves to the front of consciousness. In any event, this means that when the pain begins to irk you, you can't even call the dentist until the next morning—and then you have to keep your fingers crossed that he has an appointment free. Now, however, you can do more than sit and suffer until the dentist sees you, whether it's a simple toothache or a more serious dental problem. This dental emergency kit was designed by dentists to give temporary relief in the event of dental difficulties. It is not meant to be a substitute for proper professional care, but a series of aids to tide you over until you can see a dentist. The kit includes materials for making temporary fillings, toothache drops and a medicated cream, tools including a dental mirror, and a 56-page illustrated manual that gives clear



directions about what treatments to apply in what circumstances. The kit can be used to relieve toothaches, to replace lost fillings, to re-cement loose caps or bridges, to treat gum irritations, canker sores or denture sores, and to protect chipped or broken teeth. There are even instructions for reimplanting a tooth that has been knocked out entirely, since the first hour is the crucial period if reimplantation is to work. We feel this is one of the most needed products to come along in quite some time. Every place that has a First Aid Kit should also have one of these Dental Emergency kits. We can supply the kits at $16.00 each postpaid. Incidentally, refills and replacements of all the items in the kit are available by mail from the manufacturer. Use the order section on back page of the kit manual. (SRA119)

TELEPHONE IMPROVEMENTS

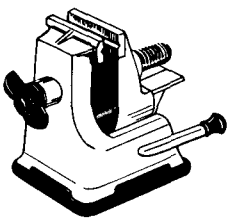
Tools for Living recently tried out a product that cuts down background noise while you are on the telephone. A specially engineered microphone assembly simply screws in to replace the standard mouthpiece transmitter unit on the telephone (it can be installed in a moment or so with no tools). Once installed, the new microphone removes up to 75% of the background noise usually



transmitted through the line. Not only does the person on the other end hear better, but you hear better, too (since less noise is coming through the feedback circuit). This product was originally developed for industrial applications—factories, etc. where there are high noise levels. But we think it is equally well-suited to the home, where kids, tv's, radios, and appliances can add up to chaos. If you ever find yourself shouting on the phone to make yourself heard over the commotion, this will restore your voice to normal levels (which is no doubt why the product is cutely named The Happy Talker). Happy Talker units cost $12.50 each postpaid. When ordering, please specify color: ivory (SRA126), white (SRA127), red (SRA128), black (SRA129), or beige (SRA130). The device fits any standard telephone handset and won't harm the telephone in any way. It is manufactured by a leading electronics firm that has been supplying components to telephone companies for over 30 years. The same company also offers a silencer switch that you can mount on a phone to turn off the ring. The switch fits all common table and wall phones, is easily installed, and controls only the phone it is on, leaving other phones in the house free to ring. The Silencer Switch costs $5.50 postpaid. (SRA118)

A MIGHTY SMALL VISE

This ingeniously designed little vise does a lot more than you are likely to give it credit for. After all, it stands only 3″ high and is made of plastic. Hardly seems to be in the same family as a 25-pound, tempered-steel bench vise. But looks are deceiving—this is truly a mighty mite. Its suction base fixes the vise firmly to any non-porous surface (metal, glass, Formica, finished wood), so firmly, in fact, that you can't break the suction without using



the release lever. The mini-vise offers the best of two worlds: eminent portability yet stays solidly fixed in place during use. Anytime you need to hold small objects securely but gently, leaving both hands free for work, this is your tool. It's perfect for precise gluing jobs, for crafts, for small assembly work, for taking apart a fishing reel or putting together a clock, and for all those household tasks like sharpening scissors that always seem to require three hands. Yet the best feature is the price. At only $4.50 postpaid, you can't go wrong—and if you end up using the mini-vise only once a month, in no time at all it will rank as one of your best bargains ever. (SRA122)

THE HELPFUL GIANT

With colanders, a good rule of thumb is the bigger the better: you can always rinse off a half-pound of blueberries in the bottom of a large colander, but you can't cram 3 pounds of fresh spinach into a small one. The giant colander pictured here is larger than many restaurant models, but its nice proportions and good looks put it at home in any kitchen. The colander has a 13-qt. capacity, measures 16″ across by 7″ high. You'll appreciate the size, and the firm base, the first time you dump in a hot, hard-to-handle mass of spaghetti. The drawback of an item this size, of course, is storage. But because it's made of polished stainless steel, this colander is handsome enough to display—hanging on the wall or sitting on a counter filled with winter squash or grapefruit. One lady we know liked the looks of this colander so much that she put an enormous rabbit's foot fern in the bowl and uses it as a spectacular centerpiece. The colander, is especially made for *Tools for Living* by Hoan, the kitchen equipment people, and however you end up using it, it is a bargain at $18.00 postpaid.

(SRA102)

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

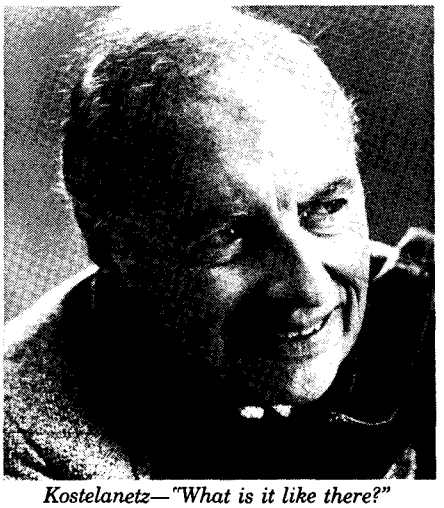
Till Later

THOSE WHO pursue specialized callings—theater and restaurant critics, doctors, brokers, lawyers, and, yes, those who write about and who edit articles on travel and holidays—are presumed to harbor specialized information maintained in a classified mental file not always shared with patients, clients, or readers, but privy to confidants and friends. And so they are sought after at dinner parties, whispered to in corners, and invited to reveal The Word.

It was that way with Kostelanetz and me—though that was scarcely all of it—for that gentle and soft-mannered musician who died the other week, not in his bed at home, but characteristically on a tropical island, was the most irrepressible of travelers. The great public success of this immigrant boy had bought him a magnificent terrace apartment on Gracie Square in Manhattan, at the edge of the East River where he could survey all of New York, look down on the mayor's mansion, and watch the ever-changing river scene of freighters, yachts, barges, sightseeing boats, tankers, and even an occasional battleship. But he never put a plant or a chair on that wide walkway, preferring to set out for distant corners, to Tahiti, to Bora-Bora, to Burma, and to all the nooks of these United States which he had, in one sweeping embrace, taken to his heart and adopted.

Before he set off from those lofty quarters he checked in first, the call coming usually on some Sunday morning, the voice pliant, velvety, solicitous. "Horace? André." And then how are the children, how is the office, and always, how is Irving Kolodin? "You will tell him I asked for him?" Next would come the soft question. "Melbourne, I have a concert there. Where should I go afterwards, where is it pleasant?" And when I would suggest a place he would inevitably ask, "And what is it like?" When I had dredged up what I had remembered and promised to send him clips of what I had already written, we would talk of coming to his next concert and of having dinner together, and then there would be that sign-off, ever upbeat, ever hopeful, "Till later."

He was so often on tour I once turned tables on him and asked him to write a log for *Saturday Review* (January 11, 1975) in which he recorded a restful trip he took after playing 34 summer concerts in three months. The convalescing



Kostelanetz—"What is it like there?"

trip began in Kauai, Hawaii, where he stayed with a friend in the palace of Queen Emma, consort of Kamehameha IV, a monarch of the middle 1800s. Then it was off to Hong Kong to have lunch with Lin Yutang and dinner with Charlotte Horstmann, the antiquarian. He was soon rushing off to Taipei to see the art spirited out of the mainland.

In Bangkok he visited the home of Jim Thompson, the silk merchant we both knew who had so mysteriously disappeared, but he put up at the Oriental Hotel, choosing the Michener suite because he had stayed so many times with the author in Bucks County. In Burma he climbed the Buddhist shrines with the American ambassador, rolled on to Nepal where at a Catholic school in Katmandu he was greeted with a sign that read, "Welcome André."

He played for the Shah in Teheran and returned to Ahvaz where he had given concerts for the Persian Gulf Command in wartime. There was time to see Stokowski in London, and then in Paris, meeting Solti, Ozawa, Kirill Kondrashin, and Rostropovich, which helped, as he wrote, "to cushion the reentry into the less-rarefied atmosphere of home."

We had met long years before, or, really, come face to face, during World War II in Krefeld, Germany, the first large city we had taken. He was still married to Lily Pons, and they were visiting our division on the day I was, with a number of others, to receive a minor decoration. Who would bestow it? Lily Pons and her husband, of course.

No words were exchanged and we marched off, bemedaled, leaving this illustrious pair with the commanding general. But years later in a small house in Kailua, on the windward side of Oahu, over the mountains from Honolulu, I was at a dinner party when I saw him come in the door. He was married to Sara Gene Orcutt now, and they made their way around a room full of people, chatting briefly and shaking hands. When he arrived in front of me he looked up, those azure eyes searching mine. "We have met," he said emphatically. "Was it Paris? California?" "No, Maestro, it was in Krefeld." He was astonished, and we made instant plans to see each other in the fall, for we lived only a few blocks away at 79th Street. "John Gunther lives around the corner from you," he said delightedly. "We will form a 79th Street Club."

Well, we didn't form a club really, but the first night he came to us for dinner the table had been laid in front of a picture window that looked out on New York from our 20th-floor apartment. While I mixed drinks he had edged unseen to the table, for when I sat down at the foot of the table, I found a place card from the officer's mess at Krefeld where he had dined with the general staff one winter's day early in 1945. How he had found it among all his papers, had thought to bring it and prop it at my place in my own apartment said all there was to say, not only about his sense of organization, but his sense of history—not the sweeping history of nations, but the private history that exists between men who have shared poignant moments in far places.

We were friends after that, warm friends and traveling friends. We were often together in Hawaii, which we both loved. We were at the concerts at the Waikiki Shell on August days and at the tables at the Promenades at Lincoln Center in the spring. One May night in New York he answered a clamor for an encore with a rousing rendition of "Stars and Stripes Forever." For me that summoned up all my boyhood memories of parades I stood at curbside to watch. The applause didn't stop, mine included, and I whispered to Sara Gene, "God, I wish he'd play it again." He had no other pieces rehearsed so he raised his baton and played it once more. "He heard you," Sara Gene shouted in my ear over the crashing cymbals.

Summers we would meet in the big house he rented just outside Honolulu.

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And once when we were in Maui together, the maestro took us to dinner, but the reservation was fouled and for once I saw him angered. "I will never come to your restaurant again," he told the headwaiter. "And I won't play your records," was the reply. The anger dissipated at that and we rolled in laughter and still do.

Waiters, headwaiters, and high society were all his friends. The best present I ever brought him was one of his records I saw displayed in a store in Laie, New Guinea, which is not the crossroads of the world.

We would consult not only on places but, as the years went on, about snippets of history. When I told him that Henry Kissinger had been in the Counter Intelligence Corps Detachment of the 84th Division, the counterpart of mine in the 102nd—and that the two divisions had taken and shared Krefeld together—he wondered immediately whether Kissinger had been at his concert in that German city. And so he invited him to a concert in New York and to the Green Room afterward, and Kissinger said, yes, he believed he had been there. Sunday came the call to confirm that footnote to history that was to go into his memoirs, which hang there now in midsentence.

It was in character, perhaps, that he should have died in Haiti, of all places, and that I should have found out about it when I arrived from Mexico, picked up a paper at O'Hare, and opened it somewhere in the heavens to read the news.

Cobey Black, the Honolulu columnist, has written that Kostelanetz was awarded a cup by the airlines as "America's Number One Commuter." "The airplane is a wonderful place to work," he once told her. I work on planes, too, as he knew, and he once gave me sage advice on how to maintain one's privacy on an airplane, particularly on flights when there is open seating. "Wear a beret and carry a foreign-language newspaper," he told me. "Nobody will sit next to you."

There was no public funeral when he died, no real way of saying goodbye as one says goodbye to the dead in one's own silent sum-up of all the memories and all the times together that added a special flavor to life. In his will he asked our friends, Ewing and Betty Krainin, with whom we lived in Hawaii, to scatter his ashes over the island of Kauai. And so one Sunday, a day he might have been calling to ask, "What is it like?" his ashes were scattered over the splendor of the beach and coves and caves of the Na Pali coast we all knew so well. He had walked out of White Russia as a boy, with dreams and spirit and talent, and ended with bravura in ashes on the coast of Hawaii. It had been a splendid trip with no chance for final farewells, except to say, "Till later." —**Horace Sutton**

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PUZZLES

Literary Crypt No. 152

OUR OLD ADZO RIBSBNIB VDLRYZ DJ SI SHOUDY SYR OD ASER IRL OUNIBZ JSANXNSY, JSANXNSY OUNIBZ IRL.

—OUSTERYSP

Wit Twister No. 164

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Our ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ reflect
foul slime and sludge.
The brain ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
this image of the worst.
Life's ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
events, like some dark smudge
A careless ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
leaves, are noticed first.

A.S.

Answers next issue

MARCH 29 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 151

What is an epigram? A dwarfish whole,
its body brevity, and wit its soul.
Samuel T. Coleridge

Wit Twister No. 163

tinsel, inlets, Enlist, silent, Listen

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 192

EVELYNE SULLEROT:
WOMEN ON LOVE

The headlong rush to meet each other ... the meeting that never takes place—love is everything, even what is beyond its powers, even what made a woman once write to a man: "You have expected of me things as impossible as those I expected of you."

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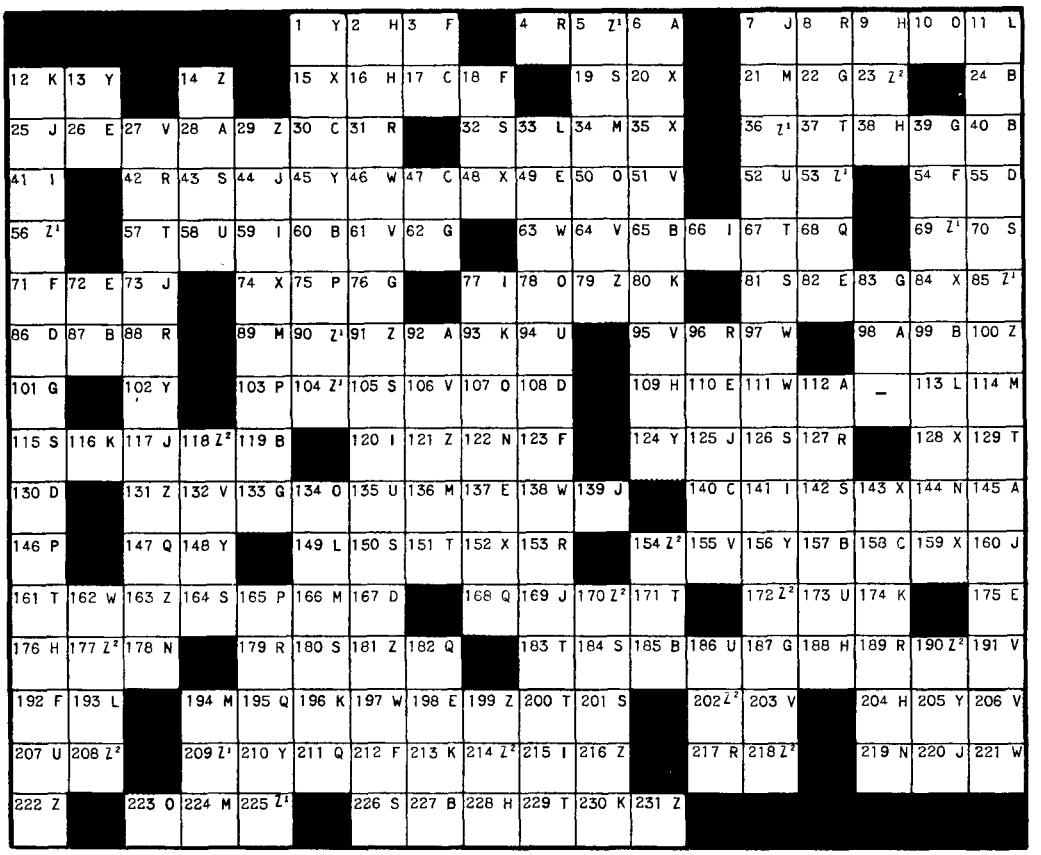
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 193

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Answer to Double-Crostic No. 192 appears on page 50.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Large drinking glass or cup	6 28 92 98 112 145
B. Faultless	157 185 24 40 60 87 99 227 65 119
C. Desire wrongfully	140 158 17 30 47
D. Sharpening tools	55 86 108 130 167
E. Carries through	175 26 82 110 137 49 72 198
F. Filled	212 3 123 192 18 54 71
G. Intensified	76 83 101 22 39 62 133 187
H. Title role played by Ginger Rogers, 1942 film about a Chicago chorus girl (2 wds.)	228 9 176 188 204 2 16 38 109
I. USMC camp near Jacksonville, N.C.	59 77 120 141 215 41 66
J. Restraint; hindrance	117 125 139 160 7 25 44 169 220 73
K. 5th-century B.C. Hebrew leader	80 93 116 174 196 213 230 12
L. Viscid	11 33 113 149 193
M. Fetters	194 224 34 89 114 136 166 21
N. Mawkish sentimentality	122 144 178 219
O. Means of access or attainment	223 78 107 134 10 50
P. Snoopy; meddlesome	75 165 103 146
Q. "If I should marry him, I should marry ___ husbands," says Portia of M. Le Bon	147 168 182 195 211 68
R. American film producer-director (*Bringing Up Baby, Sergeant York;* full name)	96 127 179 217 8 42 153 189 4 88 31
S. 1873 Trollope novel (2 wds. after *The*)	43 70 81 126 150 115 180 201 164 226 184 19 142 105 32
T. "The Red Baron"	67 183 37 129 151 171 229 57 200 161
U. Former county borough of Essex, on the Thames (2 wds.)	186 52 94 135 173 58 207
V. Song from Tennyson's "The Princess" (3 wds.)	51 95 191 206 27 155 203 106 64 61 132
W. Larval stage of a lamprey	162 221 111 97 46 63 138 197
X. Sorcery	15 48 128 159 35 152 84 74 20 143
Y. Consciousness, watchfulness	102 1 13 45 210 156 124 148 205
Z. Perennial herb of southeastern U.S. mountains, having rose-purple flowers (2 wds.)	29 216 100 131 121 181 163 91 79 199 222 14 231
Z¹. Harem concubines	90 225 5 85 209 36 69 104 56 53
Z². Brass tacks, bottom line, nub, crux (comp.)	118 177 170 190 23 214 154 202 172 218 208

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THE BACK DOOR

The Price of Citizenship

SOMETHING UNNERVING is happening in the United States. We the people are losing our sense of participation in the great American experiment. We are cheating the government of taxes by neglecting to report cash transactions. We are failing to vote in ever larger percentages. We are reacting to our most pressing national problem—the conservation of energy—as if we had no individual responsibility for solving it. And we yelp when the President, faced with a potential international crisis, suggests draft registration.

The resistance to draft registration, in particular, gnaws at me. When I was in college, my birth date was assigned a low enough lottery number so that being drafted seemed a certainty. My student status exempted me until the draft was discontinued. Had it not, I'm not sure how I would have reacted to being called upon to fight in a war as pernicious as Vietnam. I might have joined those who by their conscientious refusal to fight were trying to change government policy. But I would not have questioned the government's right to demand three years of my life as the price of citizenship.

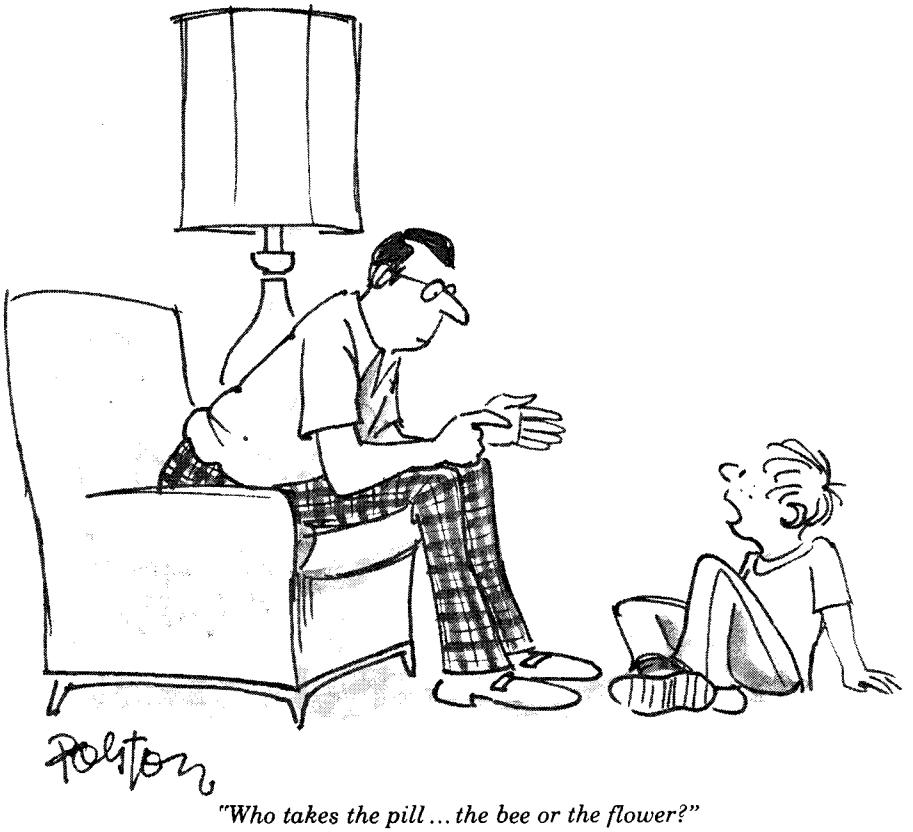
Many students today see the draft as an unjustifiable imposition, and they concoct a variety of arguments to defend their disinclination to serve. "It's the wrong war," say some, conveniently neglecting that the purpose of instituting a draft is not to wage any particular war, but to improve our ability to react in case of war. Others argue that the government owes us a professional army and that nobody should be forced to enlist. Much of the draft resistance during the Vietnam War could be construed as patriotic. Today's arguments against registration seem like a smoke screen to distort a different message: "Don't bother me. I've got better things to do."

One wonders, with astonishment, if this is the same nation that just two decades ago thrilled to hear, "Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country." There are those who have blamed this transformation on the quality of our leadership. If we had had abler or more honest chiefs, if we had been spared Abscam, Koreagate, Watergate, etc., we might feel less cynical about the intentions of government. Accusing the politicians, however, is, to borrow from Samuel Beckett, blaming one's shoes for the faults of one's feet. In a democracy, leaders are ultimately reflective of those who install them. In the past 20 years, Americans have grown steadily less concerned with the national interest and more concerned with selfish interests. We ask what the country can do for us, and what further we can do for ourselves. When the voters are so self-embroiled, it is hardly surprising to find their elected representatives engaged in feathering their own nests.

Where will it end? Perhaps we need some crisis, some terrifying misfortune, to remind us that our way of life is not inevitable, that if we allow our foundations to crumble, even the mighty America could collapse. Such a crisis may prove to be inflation, which, if it continues at its current clip, will erode all confidence in government and cause bitter divisions between the haves and have-nots. It is conceivable (though by no means certain) that another successful land grab by the Soviet Union could awaken us to the precariousness of our position in the world and persuade us to subjugate our personal interests to the national interest. One hopes that such crises may be averted. But the longer we continue to behave like heirs who have no responsibility toward the fortune we've inherited rather than like builders of that fortune, the more the likelihood of preserving our way of life will diminish. The strength of a democracy depends on the active participation of its citizens. If we do not pull together, we will pull apart.

In certain respects, my son Peter reminds me of today's average American voter. He wants what he wants when he wants it, without concerning himself in the least whether his desires or timetable conflict with those of his parents. He doesn't wonder where his food and clothes come from or who provides them. It never occurs to him that he owes anybody anything in return for what he is given or that he has the slightest reason to be grateful.

At the age of six months, such an attitude is understandable. By the time Peter is 18, however, he will have learned (or at least he will have been told) that some self-sacrifice is the price of citizenship and that, in view of the alternatives to the American way of life, the price is well worth paying. **—Carll Tucker**



"Who takes the pill ... the bee or the flower?"

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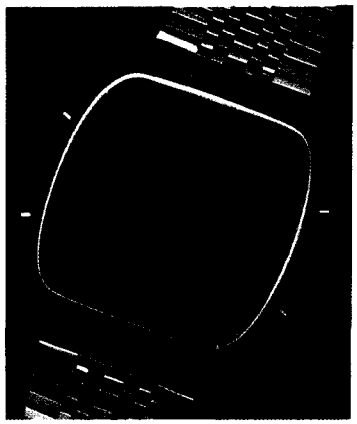

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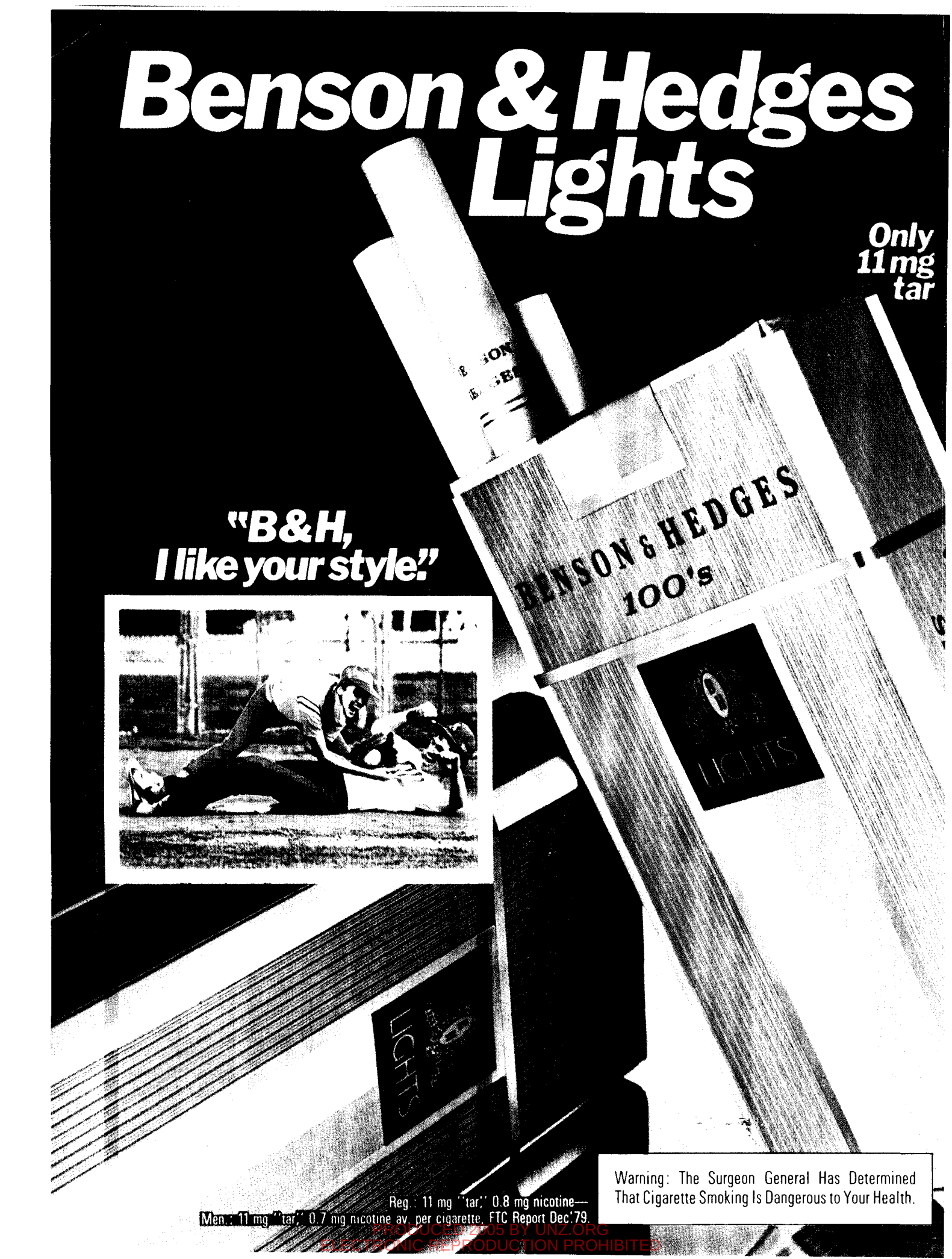

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